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MENTAL EVOLUTION.

History of Intellectual Development, on the Lines of Modern Evolution. By J. B. Crozier. Vol. I. (Longmans & Co.)

IN his *Civilisation and Progress*, published in 1885, Dr. Crozier confined himself mainly to a broad survey of the interaction of such cardinal factors as Religion, Politics, Science, and Social Conditions, in furthering the general movement of human progress. He now proceeds to apply the principles there laid down to an inquiry into the laws which, on the assumption of modern evolution, should control, predetermine and guide in a particular direction the development of the mental faculties, as manifested in the three great factors of Religion, Philosophy and Science. A final appreciation of this arduous undertaking must necessarily be reserved for the completion of the scheme, this first instalment of which gets no farther than the closing of the Schools of Athens by Justinian in 529. Nevertheless, it covers a sufficiently wide field to afford ample scope for an estimate of the volume on its own merits, that is, regarded as an independent contribution to the history of intellectual advancement for a period of over 1,200 years. It comprises, besides a general introduction, four distinct sections, devoted severally to the Evolution of Greek Thought from the Ionians to the Neo-Platonists; the Evolution of Hindu Thought from the Vedic Hymns to Buddhism, with a chapter on Modern Theosophy; the Evolution of Judaism down to the dawn of Christianity; and the Evolution of Christianity during the first centuries of the new era.

There is also a long appendix dealing in detail with the Platonic system and its relations to Christianity. Those desirous of understanding the author's real attitude towards the Hellenic and later philosophies will be wise not to neglect this appendix, for elsewhere the personal note is kept somewhat in the background. He tells us,

indeed, in the introduction that this very inquiry has revealed to him the presence in the universe of an "Unknown Co-ordinating Power," which is even clothed with "certain definite attributes," without which certain phenomena, especially of a moral order, remain unexplained, and which holds together all the factors, constraining them "to a definite and apparently pre-determined end"; further, that "this Genius of the World, this Unknown X," uses man himself as a blind or unconscious instrument in working out its purposes, that it makes steadily for moral ends, and, in a word, "is what in the case of human beings we should designate as both Intelligent and Moral." This belief, however, "in a stupendous and overarching Supernaturalism everywhere enfolding and pervading the world and its affairs" is not pressed upon the reader "as a thing once for all demonstrated," and is declared to be nothing more than a personal conclusion, "rather a by-product of our study of intellectual development than a part of its essential aim"; hence we are assured that it in no way affects the author's treatment of that development, "which would have been the same had there been at the bottom of it all nothing more than a blind and unmeaning Fate."

But the critic will be inclined to ask how such teleological views, which are scarcely to be distinguished from the frank acceptance of a personal *Ens Supremum*, are to be reconciled with a theory of intellectual development which professes to be constructed "on the lines of modern evolution." Nor is the difficulty removed when we read in the appendix that it was Mr. Spencer's *Principles of Psychology*, with its "logically irrefutable materialism," that drove Dr. Crozier to seek refuge from philosophic perplexities in "the Great Thinkers of the World," the one great thinker really being Plato, in whose philosophico-religious conceptions he finds salvation. And so we are here again treated to a fresh and somewhat lengthy disquisition on a philosophic system, which has to be built up according to the fancy or bias of each successive expositor, from the *Republic*, the *Timæus*, and other disconnected writings, which are self-contradictory, without coherency, and despite many sublime thoughts expressed in exquisite language, full of the most astonishing crudities and puerile notions. All these crudities, which are useful only as illustrating a period in mental evolution, when spirit and matter were not yet clearly discriminated, are set forth in such a way as to leave the reader in doubt whether Dr. Crozier himself still believes in the objective existence of the Platonic essences, archetypes, affinities, hierarchies, bodiless but still spherical deities, transmigration of souls, and the rest of it.

In any case, the Platonic standpoint, betrayed by many perhaps unconscious teleological expressions and distinct references to the "World-Spirit," is assumed in numerous passages of the present volume, as where reference is made to a

"Providence, Fate, the Order of Nature, or what you will, which has brought the world from its rude, unconscious forms up to man, from man savage and uncivilised up to man

cultured and refined, and which is working steadily and unweariedly upwards to its end of a perfected humanity athwart all the to-and-fro confusion and conflict of individuals and of races which would seem as if they must baulk and defeat it—we are bound, I say, to distinguish between this great Disposing Power which co-ordinates the works of individuals and of races, and subdues them to its own ends, knitting together into one single evolution the work of successive ages and generations, and these same ephemeral individuals and races themselves, who are the means and *instruments* used by the World-Spirit to work out its own ends, step by step and stage by stage, without a link intermitted in the long chain, but who, far from having any conception that they are working for these ends, are conscious only of working for their own individual and personal ends, good or bad" (p. 249).

Then the various Codes of Morality (Jewish, Christian, Mohammedan, &c.) are spoken of as "the real ends which the Genius of the World has at heart"; and, lest this might be taken as a mere *façon de parler*, the World-Spirit is elsewhere represented as utilising for its own purposes the low moral standard of the Scribes and Pharisees, "getting out of it all precisely that at which it aimed" (p. 187). Yet the author claims to determine, on the hypothesis of evolution in the modern sense, what each successive phase of philosophy and religion "ought to be and must be"; and he protests that in all this he only proposes to do "what is now done every day by science, as, for example, when the law of gravitation is invoked to determine the exact position of a planet or moon in times long past" (p. 189). In the present volume there is little question of science, the evolution of which is reserved for future discussion. It would seem as if he must then fall between two stools, for his methods will necessarily be subjected to a severer test than in the section dealing mainly with the religions and the philosophies. At least it is hard to see how the successive appearance of a Copernicus, a Newton, a Darwin, and a Herbert Spencer is to be accounted for on teleological grounds—pre-ordained, so to say, by the world-spirit for its own ends, and, as would seem, to its own destruction. We have seen that, on his own confession, Dr. Crozier has been driven by Mr. Spencer's teachings back to the pre-Aristotelian metaphysics of the Hellenic schools.

But apart from the World-Spirit and all that it involves, the impartial reader will readily allow that Dr. Crozier attacks several of the difficult problems here under discussion with considerable grasp and clearness, and often even with a large measure of success. He is especially convincing in the chain of reasoning by which Platonism, unchecked by science, is shown to drift inevitably into the neo-Platonic mysticism of the Alexandrians, and thus to become ultimately absorbed in Christianity. Greek philosophy, originally due to the contempt in which the prevalent religion was held by Thales, Anaximander, and the other Ionian thinkers, first passes from Plato's static to Aristotle's dynamical theory of the universe, and is then driven, through the continued neglect of the physical sciences, to find an absolute cause of all things in the great principle of Emanation, a disguised form of Pantheism

which forms the basis of philosophy and religion for over a thousand years, and, indeed, is not yet extinct. In the hands of Philo, Plotinus, and the other neo-Platonists, it is elaborated into a semi-religious, semi-philosophic system which goes back to Plato for its statical elements, and then expands into a theory of the world as the emanation of an omnipresent activity, soul or intelligence diffused throughout the universe. This vital principle is in its turn the emanation

"of the pure Reason which united in itself the entire system of Platonic Ideas; and this Reason, again, or Logos, as it was called, the emanation of the Eternal One, the Good, the Primitive Unity, which was neither Reason nor World-Soul, but included them both, and was itself the Unthinkable, the Unspeakable One" (p. 70).

We are here already on the threshold of Christianity, which is now easily reached by transforming this philosophic Trinity of essences into the three persons of the Christian Trinity. In a word, the vague abstract essences of philosophy become the living concrete personalities of the Fourth Gospel.

A mere reference must suffice to the process by which the primitive Hindu religion passes through Brahmanism to Buddhism. But here a protest must be raised against the long chapter devoted to "Modern Theosophy," which cannot but be regarded as a mistake. There is no kind of historical or logical connexion between Sakya Muni and the "Mahatmas," who, strange to say, seem to be here accepted as real personalities. Dr. Crozier makes "no apology for treating the matter seriously, ridicule of the system having already had its day"; and he is apparently unaware that the system has been killed, not merely by ridicule, but by a crushing exposure of the charlatanism and rank impostures with which it is inextricably associated, and which are all directly traceable to a notorious Russian adventuress. And is it not somewhat preposterous to speak in the same breath of Mr. Herbert Spencer's philosophic writings and Mr. Sinnett's *Esoteric Buddhism*?

In following up the natural development of Judaism and Christianity the author also commits himself to several statements to which exception will certainly be taken. Thus, it seems to be assumed that "the Jewish people were destined in the order of Nature or Providence of God to be the organ of introducing a new and higher religion and morality into the world" (p. 167); the overthrow of Sennacherib is "foretold by the Northern prophets" (p. 169); after the dispersion of the ten northern tribes, the two others can be reformed "only by removing them bodily and once for all from the polluted soil, and giving them a fresh start elsewhere" (p. 173); hence the Exile, and so forth. In the Christian system "science is directly stimulated and encouraged for the sake of its practical results; and would be more so, indeed, were it not for the fear of its speculative effects on the Mosaic Cosmogony with which Christianity happens [*sic*] to be bound up" (p. 118). What will the "Higher Criticism" say to this? And the

shades of Galileo, Giordano Bruno and Huxley? By some unaccountable slip the human embryo is described (p. 82) as passing "rapidly through the lower stages of fish, vegetable [*sic*], and mammal," and again (p. 85) "through the lower stages of a dog or pigeon." It is noteworthy that there are no references to authorities beyond general lists of names at the beginning of the several sections. Among misprints attention may be called to *vous* for *voûs*; *ψυχή* for *ψυχή*; *ἀνθρωπος* for *ἀνθρώπων*; *entrée*; *être*; and *solidity* obviously for *solidity* (p. 50). In a revised edition the index might be advantageously enlarged.

JOURNALISTIC HISTORY.

A History of our Own Times. Vol. V., From 1880 to the Diamond Jubilee. By Justin McCarthy, M.P. (Chatto & Windus.)

THE *History of our Own Times* is known now exactly for the Irish pamphlet that it is; but the very defects apparent in the work prevent the author from recognising this. He cannot sufficiently detach himself from his surroundings to trace out the true tendencies and characteristics of his time, or fix upon the men who are really making history. We give him the fullest credit for good intentions, but a writer needs strength of mind and imagination as well as rectitude to take a wide and impartial view, and our author is hopelessly bogged in Irish mud.

What is the historical value of this Home Rule movement that bulks so largely in Mr. McCarthy's pages? In the eighties it brought to Westminster a contingent of Irishmen who distinguished themselves by producing rowdy scenes and all-night sittings in Parliament. Their watchword was obstruction, their line of policy to embarrass the Government and belittle England. Those of us who were proud of Mr. Gladstone, as we are proud of every great Englishman, were unfeignedly sorry to behold his later and failing days clouded by alliance with such a party—a party, too, without cohesion and torn by internecine squabbles. It brought temporary ruin to the Liberal party; and the General Election of 1895 was the death-knell of Home Rule. We would not have touched on the matter here if Mr. McCarthy had not chosen to call his narrative of this abortive movement a *History of our Own Times*, and to represent Messrs. Parnell, Dillon, and Davitt as the heroes of the last seventeen years. Nor can we praise the trustworthiness of an account that describes the outrages in a sentence or two, and to the extent of many pages enlarges upon coercion. The man to whom Ireland owes her present content is not the uncrowned king, but Arthur James Balfour.

In his previous volumes Mr. McCarthy wrote with a certain cleverness and vivacity, although even at his best you never felt with him that you were under the guidance of a strong, elastic mind, whose natural sparkle cheered the journey, but rather that the writer had the mechanical liveliness of a public performer. Still there was a brightness that carried many a one

through a first reading. It makes no show in this volume. Here garrulous and monotonous journalism is at its worst; and one would think that Mr. McCarthy had not waited to see how the incident that bulked so largely in the morning paper would look at a little distance. There is no proportion observed. "The Bradlaugh episode" occupies a chapter to itself, and might have gone into a paragraph to make room for some of the things not mentioned at all in the book. "Parnellism and Crime," too, which is important only in the Irish imagination, has a still larger space devoted to it. On the other hand, the author is steadily oblivious of such a characteristic feature of the last decade as the labour movement. He has much to say on the Irish Land Question; that there has been an English Land Question, a crisis in agriculture, and an Agricultural Commission, does not appear from his pages. Of the Parish Councils Bill he has nothing to say, except that it afforded Mr. Gladstone occasion to warn the House of Lords—we have not a word of the agitation leading up to it. He has not gratified Mr. Cunninghame Graham and Mr. Stead by so much as mentioning Bloody Sunday and Trafalgar Square. One would have thought that a political historian would have had a word to say or a theory to offer about a phenomenon so striking as Scotland's rightabout from Gladstonism to Unionism; but no, this is no part of the *History of our Own Times*. Even the cry for Scottish Home Rule has no interest for Mr. McCarthy! But it would be tiresome to recount the things he has left undone in this truly astonishing tome. As an illustration of his judgment, we shall quote this from the last page of his book: "Greece is at the present moment thrilling to complete what she not unnaturally thinks her national destiny." This, we may assume, was written just after Mr. McCarthy had appended his signature to a certain famous document. Poor Greece!

Wearied of Mr. McCarthy's politics we turn to his literature, only to find a falling away here also. In the earlier volumes he managed, with no little dexterity, to present in a tolerably lively manner the commonplace views of writers to be gathered from the chatter of clubs and society. But he has since grown more careless as well as more prolix. Why should he hold forth to the extent of two pages on Mr. Freeman and utterly ignore as historians Mr. Froude, Mr. Lecky, and Mr. J. R. Green? Mr. McCarthy's criticism of the poets is still more palpably undistinguished. From his obituary notice of Browning we select one sentence: "If it were possible to suppose that one did not know who he was, one might have met Browning again and again without having the faintest idea that he was meeting a great poet." What we would like to know is, whether this compliment is intended for the poet or for "one"? From that on "R. L. S.," extending to several pages, it is impossible to extract a phrase that is worth the attention of a moment. And of the development of new ideas in the last two decades, of the evolution of new tastes and tendencies, of the new men rising to fill the places of the veterans, he is silent.

To proceed were only to enumerate more omissions, the sum total of which proves that here Mr. McCarthy has undertaken a task far beyond his powers. Indeed, there is absurdity in the attempt. The task is not for a man inclined to retire from the fray; one, too, whose nature, not uncommonly sympathetic at any time, is out of touch with what is young and fresh in life. What Mr. McCarthy could have done was to compose a record and chronicle of his time, but his pre-occupation with the Irish question has been in the way of his doing even that. A history will be satisfactorily written only by those whose plastic minds are capable of not only recognising facts, but of being impressed by the greatness and peculiar romance of our time, a romance not of genii and wizardry as in the *Arabian Nights*, not of battle and adventure as in days of chivalry, but of labour and wealth and science and machinery.

A FRENCH CRITIC ON THE ENGLISH STAGE.

The English Stage: being an Account of the Victorian Drama by Augustin Filon. Translated from the French by Frederic Whyte. With an Introduction by Henry Arthur Jones. (John Milne.)

THIS book deserves to be widely read, and has everything in its favour. It is excellently printed on good paper, agreeable both to eye and hand. M. Filon's criticism is not only sympathetic and interesting, but brilliantly written and lucidly arranged; lastly, it is singularly well translated. Mr. Whyte, perhaps, overstrains the licence of retaining French idioms: *à bout portant* and *n'est-ce pas un comble?* for instance, might have been easily rendered. One phrase, at least, *le drame noir*, needs explanation; but upon the whole he has kept the spirit of the French style, without failing to write English.

M. Filon does not notice in his text anything later than the "Masqueraders." Since then, as Mr. Jones laments in his spirited introduction, there has been a marked change. It must frankly be said that M. Filon's cheerful predictions do not seem in any way to be fulfilled. Since "Mrs. Tanqueray," which he regards as the one finished masterpiece that our modern stage has produced, there has been nothing of equal merit. That, perhaps, is natural enough; masterpieces do not come every season; but the awkward thing is, that since then certain plays, by general consent much above the ordinary run, have obtained less than the ordinary measure of success. The most notable instance was Mr. Jones's "Michael and his Lost Angel"; another, to which this book should really contain some allusion, if only in a footnote, was Mr. Bernard Shaw's "Arms and the Man"; add to this the fact, sufficiently notorious, that Mr. Shaw, about whose brilliancy there can be no question, has written several other plays, none of which has found a manager to produce it. Obviously, then, something is wrong. The drama, instead of progress-

ing from the point to which it had attained three years ago, is stationary or retrograde. Is it the fault of the public? as Mr. Jones seems to think, or is it the fault of the dramatists? It is a pity that M. Filon's book, though appearing now, makes no comment on this stagnation; but possibly from his acute criticism one may infer the opinion that he would give.

Was the success of "Mrs. Tanqueray" a good thing for English drama? It was undoubtedly a success on French lines. Mr. Pinero's method in that play resembled the method of Dumas *filis* rather than of anyone else. The French ideal is an ideal of logic. In a good play of Dumas, actions follow inevitably from the relation of the characters; arbitrary coincidences, and the force of external circumstances, play a very small part in the drama. In "Mrs. Tanqueray" all that happens might have been foretold, except the collision which results when the daughter's fiancé proves to be the step-mother's old lover. But, after all, some such collision, some such resurrection of the past was inevitable for a woman with that history; Mr. Pinero merely put the contingencies in an extreme form. The whole drama was a logical development of the situation. Naturally, a crop of imitations, more or less explicit, more or less conscious, followed; all of them going back, through Mr. Pinero or directly, to the French. Now M. Filon says, and it is a remarkable view for a Frenchman to take, that the French influence has been harmful to English dramatists though excellent for actors; and the thing is natural enough. A modern play must turn on the sex interest, on the attraction between man and woman; and between the French and English views of sex relations there is an irreconcilable difference. They have the Latin ideal, we have the Teuton. One sees the discrepancy in Tacitus's comment upon the position of German women, one sees it in Taine's stupefaction at Shakespeare's heroines. Study of the French drama inevitably leads to the result that problems and circumstances present themselves to the English dramatist as they would to a French one; he begins to see through French spectacles. Grant the original position in "Mrs. Tanqueray," and there is nothing to object to; but it is very difficult to conceive of any Englishman doing what Tanqueray did. On the other hand, Ibsen's psychology is, as M. Filon sees, perfectly intelligible to us. Allmers in "Little Eyolf," Torvald in the "Doll's House"; Borkman in the last play, are recognisable at once by us. It does not strike us as unnatural that Rita Allmers should put her husband before her child, though it is inexplicable to the French. There are many things in Ibsen's psychology that we cannot accept; but the virtue of the English drama has never been logical consistency. Imagination, not analysis, has been its principle, and the French ideal is hostile to imagination. Mr. Jones, who, as M. Filon shows in an excellent passage of criticism, is far more English and far more in touch with contemporary thought than Mr. Pinero affords plentiful examples. If you want him at his best, one would say, take the

third act of the "Middleman"—the scene in which the old potter burns his chairs and tables to keep the furnace going. That is an imaginative conception of character, much nearer to poetry than prose; but if you analyse the "Middleman," the plot is a mere piece of stage carpentry. Mr. Jones has progressed since then, but unhappily he suffers for his models. He wants to concentrate the mind of his audience upon problems which do not naturally engage their attention as problems. The conflict between inclination and the marriage tie exists everywhere, but it is nowhere so much the subject of discussion as in France. If you force it on English audiences you either bore or shock them. The English mind has always craved realism in details, but not truth in analysis or probability in construction.

The public will not decide anything, or, rather, will not dictate beforehand what it requires, for it does not know. But dramatists might learn something from studying the successes of novelists. Stevenson's morality was surely not what Mr. Jones calls a "wax doll morality," neither is Mr. Kipling's, yet they are read. The Saga spirit is strong to this day in our literature, and it is a pity to decide that the drama of adventure, the romantic drama if you will, is an impossible form. Why does not M. Filon notice Dr. Conan Doyle's play, "A Story of Waterloo"? It is small and slight, but so is one of Musset's *proverbes*, and most of us would as soon have written it as *Il faut qu'une porte soit ouverte ou fermée*. One is perfectly English, the other perfectly French, each a little masterpiece. But if English critics decide, on the one hand, that romantic drama is necessarily fustian, while, on the other, the public will not allow the representation of sexually immoral persons or motives on the stage, there is nothing for it but to choose between farce and Ibsen. The virtue of the French mind has always been clearness of outline and logical thoroughness; qualities which it is hopeless to engraft upon so national a product as drama. The English have always excelled in the imaginative presentment of character and, if we must have plays of modern domestic life, Ibsen is, with limitations, the congenial model.

A PASSING WORLD.

A Passing World. By Bessie Rayner Parkes. (Ward & Downey.)

IT is long since Mme. Belloc wrote *Vignettes* under her maiden name of Bessie Rayner Parkes; then, after a long lapse of years, she lately published *In a Walled Garden*; and now, in *A Passing World*, she appeals again to her world of readers—a passing world, no doubt, but one not likely to be past, in her case, with the moment of publication. For Mme. Belloc—who is a granddaughter of Dr. Priestley—has a very pretty knack of reminiscence-writing. Her new book contains eleven papers, varying in character and also, we must say, in interest. It has been hastily put together perhaps,

but some of the materials are of enduring excellence. The first paper of the series gives its title to the volume: Mme. Belloc looks back on the world of English life as she knew it when she first had opportunity to become an observer, very shrewd yet very indulgent. That was forty years ago, when *Vanity Fair* and *Jane Eyre* suggest to Mme. Belloc comparisons with the present-day works that are in all readers' hands:

"Seldom," she says, "has there been such an extraordinary outburst of many-sided human ability as in the earlier days of the Victorian era. Nor was this true only of the literary or political spheres; Millais and Leighton were beginning to be famous before Turner laid down the brush."

And so on. "Say not thou that the present times are worse than those that went before." That is an injunction of ancient wisdom which no writer of Reminiscences ever can be expected to observe. The reason, perhaps, is on the surface. What is seen and heard in youth comes to us more vividly than any later impression comes—for us, at any rate, those times of revelation appear better than their successors of mere confirmation. So that the generation now young will be inhuman indeed if, forty years hence, it does not defy the young men of that day to show forth a Sargent among painters, a Stevenson or a Kipling among men of letters. The talk of palmy days will go on for ever—palmy days, nevertheless, that have no date.

Great are the memories of Mme. Belloc, for all that. She knew Rossetti and she knew Browning, and from each of these poets a characteristic letter appears in her pages. That from Browning deals with the publication of the Froude memoirs of Carlyle:

"I do, indeed, regret deeply the conception, execution, and publication of those Memoirs, equally unwise in their praises and unworthy in their blame; but I knew the extraordinary limitations of my dear old friend and of his 'woman,' too, just as well fifty years ago as to-day. His opinions about men and things one inch out of his own little circle never moved me with the force of a feather—or I should hardly have lived five minutes of my whole life as I have done, and, for the remainder of it, please God, shall do. But we must not ourselves prove ingrates for a deal of love, or at least benevolence, in deed and wish; I must not anyhow; so I am on the committee for erecting a monument to 'True Thomas'—whose arm was laid on my shoulder a very few weeks ago."

That is a very interesting piece of autobiography, wholly creditable to Browning's purpose as a man and his tolerance as a friend. It is followed by a passage akin to it in this respect, but with an added interest for the student of human inconsistency:

"He confessed once to me," continues Mr. Browning, "that, on the first occasion of my visiting him, he was anything but favourably impressed by my 'smart green coat,' I being in riding costume; and, if then and there had begun and ended our acquaintanceship, very likely I might have figured in some corner of a page as a poor scribbling man with proclivities

for the turf and scamphood. What then? He wrote *Sartor*, and such letters to me in those old days!"

He wrote *Sartor*, but he judged and misjudged Browning straight off by his clothes!

Of that almost impersonal woman to the present generation—Mrs. Dante Rossetti—Mme. Belloc has something to tell. Her face has been an influence on a school of English painting. It lives, not only in Rossetti's pictures and Sir B. Burne-Jones's but in Millais's "Ophelia." The circumstances of her death and burial have their place in the history of the great English poetry of this generation. Those who have written most of Rossetti, though they dwell on the interment of his MSS. in his wife's coffin, and the subsequent recovery of them, did not personally know, as Mme. Belloc did, the shop-girl whose face was her only introduction to Rossetti, but who was received "by the ladies of her husband's family with a sweet welcome which did honour to all parties." So, indeed, you would suppose of Miss Christina Rossetti and the rest; but you are glad, in a world in which living act and written word are so often at war, to know of their household charity as a fact. Of Miss Siddal, Madame Belloc says:

"She was not of his own rank of life, and I did not think her in the least like 'a countess'; but she had an unworldly simplicity and purity of aspect. She had the look of one who read her Bible and said her prayers every night, which she probably did."

The letter from Rossetti to Mme. Belloc is concerned with the health of Miss Siddal during the term of their long engagement, health that filled him with alarm even then. It is couched in those terms of old-world courtesy, rather stiff in expression, which mark most of the letters of Dante Rossetti, whose amazing mobility is all in his poetry and never in his prose.

Of the other chapters, that on Dr. Samuel Parr is the best. It is so good, indeed, that we regret the appearance in the same volume of anything so inconsequent as "The Two Fredericks." At her best Mme. Belloc is very good indeed; and the reader has within himself the power—almost an intuition in some cases—of judicious selection.

"CHRISTIE'S."

Memorials of Christie's: A Record of Art Sales from 1766 to 1896. 2 vols. By W. Roberts. (George Bell & Sons.)

WE make it our duty to point to the publishers' share in the production of these splendid volumes. For splendid they are—not with gold and ornament, but in sheer quality of paper and print, in their illustrations, in the simple dignity of their binding, and in the unity and fitness which do not fail once between their covers.

Particularly happy is the frontispiece of the first volume, a reproduction in colour of a portrait of James Christie the First, by Dighton, leaning over his rostrum in a blue

coat and white lace neckerchief and cuffs, his spectacles pushed up on his high, straight forehead, his hammer held delicately in one hand—a keen, bland, and businesslike figure. "The Specious Orator" the artist calls him, and puts in his mouth the words: "Will your Ladyship do me the honour to say £50,000—a mere trifle—a brilliant of the first water—an unheard of price for such a lot, surely." Rowlandson's drawing of "Christie's" is reproduced, and shows us the mart about the time when its first picture sale took place—i.e., 1767. Also a photogravure of the picture by Gebaud of the sale of Sir Joshua Reynolds's "The Snake in the Grass." Gebaud's work, which was purchased by Messrs. Christie in their own sale room in 1875, contains portraits of Sir Robert Peel, the Marquis of Stafford, Prince Paul Esterhazy, Lady Morgan, and others. The reproduction, however, is reversed, and hence in the description of it quoted from Mr. Humphry Ward "right" should read "left," and *vice versa*. Sir Robert Peel, said to be in the right, must be looked for in the left corner. He was the purchaser of the picture, which is now in the National Gallery. Most of the illustrations are photogravure reproductions of famous portraits, vases, and pieces of furniture which have come under that hammer—tiny, but a very Nasmyth in its effects—which has been wielded by successive hands at Christie's.

Mr. Roberts has been able to write an interesting biographical sketch of James Christie the First. He was a Scot, and left the navy for the auction room before he was twenty to assist an auctioneer named Annesley in Covent Garden. In 1766, or maybe earlier, he set up for himself in Pall Mall as an auctioneer, devoting himself at first to the sale of estates and houses. Pictures hardly entered into his transactions. James Christie seems to have been liked and honoured by a large circle of friends and customers. There are stories about him. One of them says that he called all his porters together, and, arming them with sticks, sallied out at their head to disperse a mob that was attacking the house of Admiral Sir Hugh Palliser in Pall Mall. The mob dispersed like chaff. James Christie's social tact and courtesy were powerful aids to his success in business. Once when he had a specially good collection of pictures to offer he bethought him how he could make their importance generally understood. He went to the Earl of Chesterfield—Johnson's Chesterfield—to whom he was known, and told him about the pictures, asking him at the same time to be so condescending as to look at them:

"His lordship promised to attend the public view, and gave Mr. Christie leave to announce his intention among his friends, or wherever he thought proper, and in order to give *éclat* to the occasion he promised to come in state. On the day appointed, therefore, the room was crowded in the expectation of seeing this venerable and celebrated nobleman, who arrived in a coach and six, with numerous attendants. The company gave way, and afforded a convenient space for his lordship. He was attended by Mr. Christie, who took the liberty of directing his lordship's attention to some pictures, and requested to be favoured with his

opinion of the chief productions in the room. . . . The auditors pressed as near as respect for his lordship would permit them, in order to hear and circulate his opinion."

There is a fine eighteenth century atmosphere about all that.

James Christie *primus* died in 1803 at a good old age. Gainsborough painted his portrait "avowedly for the purpose of drawing the public attention to his name as a portrait painter," and by his request it was hung in the sale room. The second James Christie was a highly cultivated man, a member of the Athenæum and of the Dilettanti Society. He died in his house in King-street in 1831, leaving two sons, of whom George Henry Christie, J.P., entered the firm, retiring in 1863, when he was succeeded by his son, Mr. James H. B. Christie, who retired in 1889.

The firm became "Christie & Manson" in 1831, but there are now no Christies and no Mansons in the King-street business. The present head of the firm is Mr. Thomas H. Woods, who became a partner in 1859, and there are several other partners.

It would not be profitable to attempt either a summary or a selection of the records of sales which have been compiled with so much industry by Mr. Roberts. They afford material for many kinds of inquiry, and they are interesting to many kinds of collectors. For many years sales of first-class importance were nothing like so frequent at Christie's as they have been in the last half century. Yet in the first volume it is interesting to note the sale of Hogarth's series of pictures, "Marriage à la Mode," and the sale of 411 pictures comprising the collection of Sir Joshua Reynolds. These fetched £10,319, and a supplementary sale of sketches fetched £4,536. The first great Christie sale in this century was that in which Mr. William Young Ottley's pictures were offered. Ottley had just purchased the pictures from the Colonna, Borghese, and Corsini palaces; and their appearance in London was accounted for by Mr. Christie in language which recalls Burke bewailing the wrongs of the princesses of Oude:

"It is to the era of fatal revolution in Italy; it is to the oppressive spirit of its invaders; it is to the fallen grandeur of the nobles and princes of Rome; it is to their extreme need and distress, that is to be attributed finally their parting with what they so long possessed and so highly valued."

In this sale the great National Gallery landscape of Salvator Rosa was included, and was bought by Sir M. M. Sykes for 1,550 guineas. The entire collection fetched 22,000 guineas. But it is perilous even to continue dipping into these voluminous records. The second volume exceeds the first in bulk. Here the collector may revive his memories of the sale of the Blenheim Palace collection, the Murietta sales, the Lyne Stephens sale, the Goldsmid collection, and scores of others, earlier and later, small and large, down to the last sales of 1896. Hardly had this work appeared when the brilliant sale of Sir John Pender's collection established "record" prices at Christie's for paintings by Turner.

ITALIAN ARCHITECTS.

Architecture in Italy, from the Sixth to the Eleventh Century. By Raffaele Cattaneo. Translated by the Contessa Isabel Curtis-Cholmeley in Bermani. (Fisher Unwin.)

THE work of Raffaele Cattaneo has been before the world for more than seven years, and though marred by the truculence of his criticisms, it is a monument of painstaking observation and synthetical ingenuity. Though here and there one may quarrel with a conclusion as to the age of this or that monument—the sarcophagus of the Exarch Isaac at Ravenna is a case in point—the accuracy of the author's main conclusions cannot, we think, be disputed. His divisions of indigenous or quasi-indigenous art into Latin-Barbarian and Italian-Byzantine, while he relegates the foreign art immediately practised in Italy to the separate category of Barbarian-Byzantine, may not be always differentiated by very sharp lines of demarcation. But they represent real movements and real influences, and even if there be some overlapping of the sections, the utility of this classification is obvious. But our knowledge of the relics of those genuinely dark ages, the seventh and eighth centuries, owes much to Cattaneo's prolonged personal observation, quite independently of what it owes to his analysis, and he has thrown a perfect flood of light on the remains of the two twilight centuries that followed. He will always be famous for having given the *coup de grâce* to the pretensions of the Lombard spoiler to have possessed any indigenous art at all. Incidentally, too, the claim of the Irish artists, to have been the inventors of the various stone decorations of the knotted and braided and basket-work types, falls to the ground on an examination of the collected evidence of its Byzantine origin. This has been fully dealt with in the admirable work on the Irish Saints written by Miss M. Stokes, though, in truth, it is but a by-product of Cattaneo's laborious investigations.

The idea, of offering to the English student, ignorant of Italian, a translation of a work to which we owe so much, was exceedingly happy. It is, however, greatly to be regretted that the work of translation was not placed in the hands of some one conversant with the English idiom. It is distressing to read of the "fond of an altar" of "a little subterranean," and of monuments "attributed in that wretched (Lombard) time." It is hard to suppress a smile when we are told of a sculptured lion surrounded by "volatiles," of Saracens who learned "constructive organism" from the Byzantines, and of the island (the Rialto) which, circa 810, "was sufficiently populous to merit the Tribunal seat." What will the wretched student make of a "fragment of a cornice existing in the State archives of the Frari," described as "a gorge, gracefully carved with small palms in the Greek style, enclosed by listels and cubic notching?" The proper names, too, are dealt with on no rational system, nor, indeed, on any system whatever. Sometimes they are given in Latin, sometimes in modern Italian,

sometimes in modern French, sometimes in English, sometimes in a mixture of languages. King Desiderio (who occasionally becomes Desiderius) and King Astolfo jostle King Luitprand and King Theodoric: French S. Ambroise and French S. Aquilin are to be set off against English S. Michael and English S. Lawrence. Pope Giovanni II. pairs with Pope Gregory IV., S. Celso with S. Satyrus, till we get to S. John in Valle and S. Simeon piccolo. The famous eunuch Narses becomes "Narsete," and one result of his victories is, that the Byzantines "hold an Easarch" in Ravenna. Finally, while the English word apse is puristically written apsis, the almost equally familiar narthex becomes narteci! All this is the more vexatious, because the book is excellently got up, handsomely printed, and superbly illustrated; and, if only it possessed a sufficient index, it would, even with its present faulty text, be a valuable adjunct to the archaeologist's library.

JUBILEE LITERATURE.

The Life of Queen Victoria. By Millicent Garrett Fawcett. (W. H. Allen & Co.)

The Victorian Era. By P. Anderson Graham. (Longmans & Co.)

The Rise of the Empire. By Sir Walter Besant. (Horace Marshall & Son.)

Mrs. Fawcett's biographical sketch of the Queen, first published in 1894, is reissued for Jubilee bookbuyers with a new portrait of Her Majesty. In a preface written two months ago, Mrs. Fawcett reminds her readers that the impossibility of being exhaustive has led her to dwell on "what may be considered the formative influences on the Queen's character in early life." The limitation need not be regretted now; this is the very time to remind people that the Queen was once a little girl. Stories of the Queen's childhood that at other times might seem too trivially petty have piquancy; and if we can magnify the significance of small incidents in our own early years, why not in Her Majesty's?

But Mrs. Fawcett tells also the story of the Accession, and of the happy period when "love and politics" began to mingle in the Queen's life; she sketches the Queen's relations with Lord Melbourne, Baron Stockmar, and Lord Palmerston; and devotes chapters to the Crimean War and to the great loss that came to Her Majesty in mid reign. A pleasing freedom marks Mrs. Fawcett's narrative: her loyalty is naïve and womanly.

The Victorian Era is a very child of the Jubilee. Mr. P. Anderson Graham has written it for boys. He just sketches the Queen's private life, and then we have the regulation chapters on Railways, the Post Office, Ironclads, the Progress of Medical Science, and other developments of the last sixty years. We think this book has been put together hurriedly. The Notes at the end have no proper beginning; and what kind of boy will be benefited by notes such as these?—"Affectionate: loving." "Ludi-

crous spectacle: a sight to be laughed at." "Gesticulated: moved body, arms, and legs to give force to what he was saying." "Afghan borders: in the north-west of India." "Aldgate: in London." "Genteel society: well-to-do people of good manners and breeding." We demur altogether to the last definition. The book is nicely printed and illustrated.

Sir Walter Besant's contributions to pleasant superficial history multiply apace. He now writes on *The Rise of the Empire* in a little volume, which inaugurates a new "Story of the Empire" series. Sir Walter begins at the beginning in his chapter on "The Making of a People," and there is some aptness in his illustration of the way in which village communities began to seek help from each other. Had they been self-sufficient they might have shrunk within their own bounds, but they were always less than self-sufficient, and the want of two things only—salt and iron—would bring them together for purposes of barter. It is a far cry from this quest of salt and iron to our present commercial conditions, but Sir Walter trips along like a schoolmaster trying to make his lesson pleasant, and succeeding. We have chapters on "The Empires of the West," "East," and "South"; on "The Empire of the Isles," on "Our Heritage," and on "The Future of the Heritage." In the last named chapter Sir Walter pleads for Federation, "an everlasting alliance, offensive and defensive." He also has wise words about the relations between this country and the United States which we hope will be quoted on the other side.

Various albums of photographs, inspired by the coming event, are before us. *Temple Bar and State Pageants* (Partridge & Cooper) is a shilling book in paper covers containing a record, with illustrations, of State processions to the City of London, and the ceremonies which used to delay them at the spot where the Griffin now stands. *The Queen's Pictures* (Cassell & Co.) is a reprint of a collection published in the Jubilee year of 1887, but time has given a new cachet to the letterpress, which is from the pen of Mr. Richard R. Holmes. The illustrations are after portraits and paintings executed during the Queen's reign and now hanging in the various Royal galleries. The same publishers issue a covetable album entitled *Pictorial England and Wales*, and dedicate it to the Queen. The photographs are nearly all of merit, and they bring towns, villages, and scenery vividly before the eye. Under the title of *The Queen's Empire*, Messrs. Cassell issue also a photographic album in parts, each part illustrating some aspect of life under the Queen. Part 2 illustrates methods of travel throughout the empire. The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge issues a handsome album of photographic views called *The Queen, Her Empire, and the English-Speaking World*. The latter half of the title of course covers such photographs as those of Niagara and the Capitol at Washington. But surely these have no real place in an album designed for a festival which, in one aspect at least, is a great stocktaking of British possessions.

FROM CROWDED SHELVES.

Chap-Book Essays. (Gay & Bird.)

THIS is the title of a random selection of papers which have already appeared in the *Chicago Chap-Book*. Some of them will strike the reader as a little belated, as, for example, the amusing little essay on "Degeneration," by Alice Morse Earle, who also contributes a comical little sketch of her experiences with a "bureau of literary revision." Mr. Edmund Gosse writes on the "Popularity of Poetry," and from him you may gather that no man should take up the profession of verse-making unless he have a private income, though "to last forever, as a specimen, by the side of Lovelace or of Wolfe, should be better worth working for than to earn five thousand pounds as the author of a deciduous novel about the 'new woman.'" What, by the way, is a "deciduous novel"? A feminine appreciation of Verlaine by Mr. Reginald de Koven is well written and interesting. But readers on this side of the Atlantic will probably turn first to the short paper on Robert Louis Stevenson by Eve Blantyre Simpson. Herein we get some delightful glimpses of Stevenson in his early days in Edinburgh. For example:

"He was very sore, and somewhat rebellious, writing not being considered a profession, and having to bend to his good father in so far as to join the Scottish bar. For long 'R. L. Stevenson, Advocate,' was on the door-plate of 17, Heriot-row. The Parliament House saw him seldom, never therein to practise his bewigged profession. We frightened him much by avowing that a clerk was hunting for him, and even the rich library below the tramping advocate's feet could not wile him into the old Hall for some time after that false scare."

Here is another peep at the youthful Stevenson:

"He certainly liked to be noticed, for he was full of the self-absorbed conceit of youth. If he was not the central figure, he took what we called Stevensonian ways of attracting notice to himself. He would spring up full of a novel notion he had to expound (and his brain teemed with them), or he vowed he could not speak trammelled by a coat, and asked leave to talk in his shirt-sleeves. For all these mannerisms he had to stand a good deal of chaff, which he never resented, though he vehemently defended himself or fell squashed for a brief space in a limp mass into a veritable back seat."

Finally, the book is well printed and daintily dressed in a pictured cover, which would make a first-rate "poster."

My Life in Christ. Extracts from the Diary of the Most Rev. John Ilyitch Sergieff ("Father John"). Translated by E. E. Goulaeff. (Cassell.)

FATHER JOHN is a pope of the Russian State Church, far renowned for learning and piety. He has the reputation, probably not without good reason, of possessing a gift of healing ("If I wish to cure an illness," he confidently writes, "I cure it"); he attended the late Tsar upon his death-bed, and administered to him the last sacraments;

and he has kept an intimate diary over a wide space of years, from which voluminous extracts have been made by Mr. Goulaeff and, for the benefit of the British race and of Queen Victoria (to whom the volume is dedicated), have been translated by him into indifferent English. We do not say that the task was not worthy to be undertaken, but it may be thought that the editor has suffered his enthusiasm to leap somewhat ahead of his discretion. Quite one-fourth of this bulky book might have been produced with profit; the remainder consists of pious commonplaces which, however fruitful to the mind which bore them, are altogether too conventional to merit that they should be spread abroad among a people which cannot find time to read the *Imitation*. Here is a mystical passage, which, in spite of its muddlesome metaphysic, was quite worth preserving:

"Man is a small world. As the soul is in the body, so God is in the world. When the soul leaves the body it immediately crumbles to pieces. Likewise, when the Spirit of God leaves the world it will immediately crumble to pieces. The soul is throughout the body, but especially in the heart; and God is throughout the world, but especially in heaven and in temples."

As a monument of personal piety the book is edifying; but it cannot be said of it that it throws new light upon the spiritual problems which perplex the modern soul, or that it so abounds in graceful and illuminative fancy that as literature it may gratify the curious dilettante of religion. Nevertheless, to that section of the Church of England which is looking to the East for countenance and recognition it will be of supreme interest, as reflecting the spiritual side of Oriental orthodoxy.

Soldiering and Surveying in British East Africa. By Major J. R. L. Macdonald, R.E. (Edward Arnold.)

MAJOR MACDONALD's business was to survey the country which lies between Mombasa and the Victoria Nyanza, in preparation for the railway that is to be; his recreation was to shoot lions and to outwit treacherous niggers; he has crowned his achievements, scientific and adventurous, by writing them out at length in a book. Chance involved him in the complications which within the last decade have made Uganda the cockpit of three alien and rival religions. Accordingly he has thought fit to embody in his narrative a full account of the troubles and conflicts which resulted in a re-partition of that country and its settlement under a British Protectorate. The chapters devoted to the consideration of these matters are distinguished by good sense and moderation. While his sympathies are strongly with Captain Lugard, he does not think it incumbent upon him to sneer at missionary enterprise in general, or at either of the religious bodies concerned in particular; on the contrary, he bears a high testimony to the self-sacrifice of the missionaries and the civilising influence they have been able to acquire over the native mind. The story of these two and a half years is well told, and is illustrated by maps and plans; and

if the narrative gains nothing from the author's literary accomplishment, it is too full of lively incident ever to be dull reading. Putting aside many passages clamorous for quotation, we select what we may call a social incident. Captain Pringle

"had experienced a little trouble from the Masai of Kedong, who carried off three of his donkeys. He retaliated by securing about twenty women, who were trading in camp, and threatened to carry these off unless the missing property was returned. As next day this was not done, he marched off with his prisoners, and demanded six donkeys for the trouble that had been caused. This brought the Masai to their senses, and the six donkeys were soon produced. The women were then liberated, and, being evidently struck with Pringle, insisted on his spitting on each individually in token of friendship."

We commend the incident to the attention of Mr. Rider Haggard.

English Army Lists and Commission Registers, 1661—1714. Edited and Annotated by Charles Dalton. Vol. III. (Eyre & Spottiswoode.)

We congratulate Mr. Dalton on proceeding so steadily with his great work of putting into print the earliest M.S. records of the British army. The period covered by the present volume includes the first four years of the reign of William and Mary, which was a period of continued fighting. It is sufficient to mention the battles of Killiecrankie and the Boyne, Steinkirk and Landen. Except for a brief expedition to the south of Ireland, Marlborough was not employed on active service; and, indeed, most of the generals in command were Dutchmen. Very curious is the detailed report on the English regiments under Schomberg at Dundalk in 1689, which shows the contempt of a veteran for amateur officers and unseasoned recruits. Though in form a mere catalogue of names, the book is full of historic interest. Here may be found an account of the first regiment of Highlanders in the British army, which was raised, it seems, by the Earl of Argyle in 1689, and almost entirely composed of Campbells; and also of the Earl of Angus's Regiment of Foot, otherwise "The Camerons," which had a minister of its own persuasion and an elder to each company. Here also may be found the commissions of the Rev. George Walker, to be colonel of the Londonderry Volunteers; and of Albert Borgard, a Dane who became nestor of the Royal Regiment of Artillery, to be "fire-master of the tin boatmen." We presume that a "tin boat" would now be called a pontoon. Mr. Dalton has spent infinite pains in identifying the names in these often mis-spelt lists, and in tracing their family history and subsequent career. He deserves the warmest thanks of all those who are concerned with either history or genealogy.

Round the Year: a Series of Short Nature Studies. By Prof. L. C. Miall, F.R.S. (Macmillan & Co.)

THESE descriptive chapters are meant for young naturalists, and treat of subjects

suggested by the natural events of the year. Taking any point that occurs—gossamer, ichneumons, the flowering of plants, snow crystals—the Professor probes the questions which arise on it to the very bottom, and his reader is permitted to see his thorough methods of research. This constitutes the value of the book, which is great. Prof. Miall is not satisfied with traditional examples from nature or traditional explanations. He has read Darwin and *Nature* to some purpose, and greatly enlarges the horizon and the interest of young people thereby. They are taught much learning of a suggestive kind from buds and catkins alone. Turning to a more recondite example, the fruit of *Saccoglottis amazonica*—which we gather has once been drifted into an English bay from tropical America—is treated in the fullest manner, and illustrated (as are other of these articles) in a manner which does illumine the text. The account of a day spent in the moon most realistically elucidates the phenomena of that planet, and is a favourable example of Prof. Miall's writing. He thinks that the young cuckoos emigrate in succession "probably as soon as they are capable of taking care of themselves"; others, however (including Prof. Newton), believe that they leave England about the beginning of September. Prof. Miall apparently identifies Tennyson's "sea-blue bird of March" with the kingfisher. There can be little doubt that the wheatear is meant. But it is a point on which poetic naturalists will always wrangle. No one who is fond of using his eyes and his wits on the sights and problems of nature will take up this book without a large increase of pleasure and knowledge. It is quite superfluous to recommend it. Rather it is one of the few books which demand thankfulness.

The Observances in Use at the Augustinian Priory of Barnwell, Cambridgeshire. Edited, with a Translation and Glossary, by J. W. Clark. (Macmillan & Bowen.)

THIS book of "Observances," discovered upon the spot where it was written, in the ruins of the building where, until the dissolution of the Religious houses, men lived their lives in accordance with its discipline, forms a curious commentary upon the "Rule" of St. Augustine from which it was evolved. With the progress of centuries the precepts of the founder, bearing mostly upon spiritual dispositions in all the religious families, were subject to a process of concretion: reverence to superiors must show itself in definite acts of inclination and obeisance; the principle of subordination must express itself by resignation of the keys into the hand of the newly elected superior; purity of heart and life, similarly, must be manifested in outward demeanour—even the manner of entering their beds was prescribed to the brethren. The methods of assisting at the divine office and at holy mass were a tissue of complicated injunctions, which to the modern reader would seem incompatible with inward attention; but, indeed, it may be that the concentration of

instructions applying to all the contingencies of a lifetime into a single volume gives an impression of formalism which the deliberate process of daily life would not suffer to be sensibly experienced. No details of daily life were too minute for regulation. These philosophers had discovered the intimate bond between the infinitely solemn and the minutely trivial, and in them no cheap sense of humour discerned anything ludicrous in the juxtaposition of provisions for the sufficient supply of warm shaving water and the profoundest of spiritual exhortations. The editor's very adequate Introduction gathers from the diffuse yet allusive "Observances" a fairly complete synopsis of the Canons' order of life. His translations, printed side by side with the originals of the "Rule" and the "Observances," are, upon the whole, highly to be praised; but there is manifest a tendency to shirk difficulties just in those places where the ordinary reader will look to the translation to clear up an obscurity. Also, if the brethren were to "lie prostrate" throughout the canon of the mass, it is not easy to understand in what sense they were to "bend the knee" at the elevation. It is obvious that *prostrari* here signifies not "prostrate," but merely "inclined." But it were ungracious to prolong particular fault-finding in the case of a volume for which every ecclesiastical antiquary has reason to be grateful, as representing a vast amount of diligent and very competent labour, and offering in a convenient form a human document of extreme interest.

Outlines of the History of the Theological Literature of the Church of England from the Reformation to the Close of the Eighteenth Century. The Bishop Paddock Lectures, 1896-97. By John Dowden, D.D., Bishop of Edinburgh. (S.P.C.K.)

THE Bishop of Edinburgh has contrived to present a general view of the stream of Anglican literature, and more particularly of Anglican controversial literature, that will be apt to persuade his brethren to a more careful study of their own sadly neglected divines. His acquaintance with the great writers of the Anglican Church is wide and intimate, his reverence for their words is profound, and he has scant patience with the minimising controversialists of to-day. He knocks the bottom out of the mistaken notion that the theological pronouncements of the reformers dealt merely, or even chiefly, with popular misconceptions of Catholic doctrine, upon which Tract XC. so largely built, which theory in the hands of less responsible persons than its author has served to take the sting out of any of the Articles seeming to smack too distinctly of Geneva or Augsburg. One cannot but admire the audacity of men like Ussher, who at the age of twenty could resolve to read through the whole of the Christian Fathers, and after eighteen years of labour could accomplish it—of men who, so far from pleading with Rome for the recognition that a rich man unwillingly bestows upon a poor relation, dared to flout the great mother church of the West, and declare in the face of its hierarchy, "You are

heretical in this matter and in that: it is quite doubtful whether you should be esteemed a part of the Church of Christ." But Dr. Dowden allows his own strong anti-Roman feeling to carry him off his feet now and again. It is, for instance, very doubtful whether Parsons and Allen were cognisant of the plot against Elizabeth's life, and it is quite impossible to prove it; and when a writer speaks of the principle of "probabilism" as "vicious," we take leave to doubt whether he perfectly understands what that principle is.

Snarleyyow. By Capt. Marryat. Edited by David Hannay. (Macmillan & Co.)

THIS is the latest addition to Messrs. Macmillan's library of standard novels. *Snarleyyow*, originally called *The Dog Fiend*, appeared in 1837, the same year which saw the publication of Marryat's *Code of Signals*; and Mr. David Hannay, who edits the reprint, suggests that the story was written "not only because Marryat was, as he candidly confessed not long after his time, 'somewhat in want of money,' but as a relaxation from the really considerable toil of compiling his code." *Snarleyyow* is in part an historical novel. When he wrote it, says Mr. Hannay, Marryat "probably felt that he had used up, at any rate for the present, the navy of his own time, and he turned to the past for a new field." But the story "is in reality a fantastic tale which Marryat made up partly, no doubt, out of his reminiscences of the time when he was cruising against smugglers in the Channel, partly, and in a much smaller degree, out of books, but most of all, as the children say, out of his own head." *Snarleyyow* has something in common with *Poor Jack*, inasmuch as it is in these two books that Marryat's verse can be best studied. The song, "The Captain stood on the Carronade," from *Snarleyyow*, was included by Mr. Henley in his *Lyra Heroica*. The present edition is illustrated with fair success by Mr. H. R. Millar.

THE BOOK MARKET.

A CHAT WITH MR. L. UPCOTT GILL.

"I HAVE come, Mr. Gill," I said, "to ask you some questions, if I may, about your books. You publish books about Coin Collecting, and Canaries, and Ticket-writing, and Mushroom Culture, and Bent Iron Work, and Goat-keeping for Amateurs, and How to Vamp, and I think yours must be a very interesting business." I said this while Mr. Gill was courteously handing me a chair. We were in his private room above the publishing office in the Strand, next door to the Strand Theatre.

"I see," said Mr. Gill; "and you want me to tell you something about it all. My difficulty is to know where to begin. You see the basis of all our business, or of nearly all of it, is our paper, *Exchange and Mart*. You perhaps know it?"

"Mr. Gill, I have never held it in my hand, but from my boyhood up I have

known that if I want to exchange a barometer for a pair of fantail pigeons, or —"

"I see," said Mr. Gill smilingly; "that would not be one of our normal transactions, but you have the idea. And, by the way, here is our current issue."

"Then, Mr. Gill, will you tell me the story of this paper. It must have a story."

"A very simple one it is. The *Exchange and Mart* was started by the late Serjeant Cox, of the *Law Times* and the *Queen*, in 1867. The idea of it came to him like this. Mrs. Cox was a great invalid, but a wise one; she knew how to make the best of a maimed life; and she took up the collecting of lepidoptera and microscope work. She soon knew enough to write a nice little book, called, I think, *Our Common Insects*. Her collection of moths and butterflies, too, increased to a very respectable size, and then she began to find, as all collectors do, that she had some duplicate specimens and some crying wants. Well, it just occurred to Mrs. Cox to advertise for the specimens she wanted, offering in exchange those she could spare; and so one fine day there appeared a new kind of advertisement in the *Queen*. Mrs. Cox got what she wanted; and, what is more, her notion caught on. The very next week, and for many succeeding weeks, advertisements of the kind crept into the *Queen*, until there was a column of them, and until Serjeant Cox awoke to the fact that a great opportunity had been delivered into his hand. He broached to me the idea of the *Exchange and Mart*, and we started it right away. I will show you No. 1."

Mr. Gill got up and drew from underneath some bookshelves the first volume of his paper.

"This is the dust of ages—literally," he said, as he made it rise. "You see, it is but four pages, a good deal of it 'faked'—we all know what starting a paper is. Our price was a penny for a few months. But a penny didn't pay; we soon made it twopence and doubled the number of pages. And then the public wanted a lot of educating—an extraordinary deal of educating. In fact, they seemed as if they wouldn't be educated. However —"

"It is now a huge success?"

"Well, we issue the paper thrice a week now, and at busy times each issue may contain sixty-eight pages."

"Of which the bulk are filled with advertisements?"

"Yes, four-fifths."

"And now, Mr. Gill, may we come back to your series of 'Practical Handbooks'?"

"Yes, certainly. Their connexion with the *Exchange and Mart* is a very close one. In the first place, the innumerable transactions of exchange and purchase which are done through the paper introduce me to classes of collectors and amateurs to whom we can appeal. Secondly, the majority of these books are reprints of articles that have appeared in the paper."

"How does this apply to, let us say, your *Guide to the Coins of Great Britain and Ireland*?"

"Well, that is a good instance. The coin advertisements in the paper have always been numerous, and nearly twenty-five

years ago I got the late Mr. Wundt to write me a series of articles on Coin Collecting for us, stipulating for the copyright. These I republished as a book. Some years later I had another series of articles on Coins written by the late Colonel W. Stewart Thirburn, and he revised and enlarged Mr. Wundt's book. At the present moment Mr. Gruber, of the British Museum, is preparing me a third revised edition of this very handbook."

"Some of your books," Mr. Gill, "reveal to me the existence of publics I have never suspected. It would not surprise me to find one man in a lifetime whose hobby was working in Bent Iron; but do you mean to tell me that there are enough of such persons to induce you to publish a handbook on the subject?"

"Oh, yes. But the Bent Iron workers are ladies. The work is a light, easy imitation—it is only an imitation—of mediæval and Italian wrought-iron work. The iron is sold in specially prepared strips, and it is all a matter of twisting and turning with the pincers and other light tools; very effective it is too. You see, there is always some hobby going. A few years ago the home-keeping young lady's solace was china painting, and we told her how to do it; then she wanted to paint on mirrors, and we got out a handbook for her; and then it was leather work, and we came to the rescue; and now she twists iron from our directions."

"Well, but you actually have a handbook on Pet Monkeys?"

"Yes; it goes slowly, but it goes."

"And on the Management of Goats?"

"Yes, for country people, who keep a goat nibbling about for the sake of the milk; it is they who buy that book."

"And on Firework Making?"

"Oh, that sells well; and I may anticipate one doubt that is probably in your mind: I never heard of an accident resulting from the carrying out of the directions in this book."

"And can you sell *Practical Taxidermy*?"

"Oh, dear, yes."

"And are there still amateur ventriloquists?"

"Hundreds."

"Indeed! and who write window tickets?"

"Country shop-keepers and their assistants."

"And who are the people who want to know 'How to Keep Lizards and Snakes Satisfactorily in Confinement'?"

"Well, I know two or three personally. You will notice that this book is only announced, yet my subscription list for it is a very fair one already."

"Do these handbooks make collectors as well as aid them?"

"Oh, decidedly. The sight of one of these books to-day makes a man a hobbyist to-morrow. Many men grow tomatoes from seeing our shilling book on how to do it."

"Then do you think, Mr. Gill, that when the millions of this great city see your cheap book on 'How to Keep Snakes in Confinement —'?"

Mr. Gill smiled; and feeling that enough was as good as a feast, I bade him good morning.

THE ACADEMY FICTION SUPPLEMENT.

SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1897.

NEW NOVELS.

A Rose of Yesterday. By F. Marion Crawford.
(Macmillan & Co.)

Mr. Marion Crawford is one of the few novelists whom one cannot take for granted. Other men have their brands and are true to them; before we open their books we know what to expect; but Mr. Crawford is continually producing a surprise. He has now pulled out yet another new stop, and in "*A Rose of Yesterday*" we are offered sheer Ibsenism. The Rose of Yesterday is Mrs. Harmon, whom we meet at Lucerne, travelling with her son Archie, a half-witted youth of exceptional strength. Mrs. Harmon is the wife of a man who took to drink, became brutalised, ill-treated his wife, lost his reason, and was confined in an asylum. Enter Colonel Wimpole, the old lover of Mrs. Harmon. He never told his love, but she is aware of it and silently returns it. They discuss Harmon and his possible recovery, and the Colonel, without success, urges her to take divorce proceedings. This is in the morning; and in the afternoon of the same day Mrs. Harmon hears that Harmon has recovered, and receives from him a letter asking her forgiveness, and making plans for the restoration of their home life. Her struggle over the reply to this request is the kernel of the book. She cables the word "Forgiven," and then for the first time learns from Archie a true account of his relations with his father. In this scene Mr. Crawford reminds one not a little of "Ghosts," and the total effect produced is very similar to that left by Ibsen. Archie, who is but a child in intellect, is led to tell the story of his father's cruelty. The man had continually hit him with the knob of his stick on the back of the head. The narrative proceeds:

"Once, when you were off somewhere for two or three days on a visit, he came at me with a poker. That was the last time. I suppose he had been drinking more than usual."

"What happened?" asked Helen.

"Oh, well, I'd grown big then, and I got sick of it all at once, you know. He never tried to touch me again, after that."

"Helen recalled distinctly that very unusual occasion when she had been absent for a whole week, at the time of a sister's death. Harmon had seemed ill when she had returned, and she remembered noticing a great change in his manner towards the boy only a few months before he had become insane."

"What did you do?" she asked.

"I hit him. I hit him badly, a good many times. Then I put him to bed. I knew he wouldn't tell."

"Archie smiled slowly at the recollection of beating his father, and looked down at his fist. Helen felt as though she were going mad herself. It was all horribly unnatural—the father's cruel brutality to his afflicted son, the son's ferocious vengeance upon his father when he had got his strength."

"You see," continued Archie, "I knew exactly how many times he had hit me altogether, and I gave all the hits back at once. That was fair, anyhow."

"Helen could not remember that he had ever professed to be sure of an exact number from memory."

"How could you know just how many times?" She spoke faintly, and stopped, half sick.

"Blocks," answered Archie. "I dropped a little blot of ink on one of my blocks every time he hit me. I used to count the ones that had blots on them every morning. When they all had one blot each, I began on the other side, till I got round again. Some had blots on several sides at last. I don't know how many there were now: but it was all right, for I used to count them every morning and remember all day. There must have been forty or fifty, I suppose. But I know it was all right. I didn't want to be unfair, and I hit him slowly and counted. Oh"—his eyes brightened suddenly—"I've got the blocks here. I'll go and get them and we can count them together. Then you'll know exactly."

"Archie unpacked the toys in silence and arranged the blocks all on one side in a neat pile, while on the other he laid the soldiers and the little cart with the few remaining toys. Helen's eyes became riveted on the bits of wood. There were about twenty of them, and she could plainly distinguish on them the little round blots which Archie had made, one for each blow he had received. He began to count, and Helen followed him mechanically. He was very methodical, for he knew that he was easily confused. When he had counted the blots on each block he put it behind him on the floor before he took another from the pile. He finished at last."

"Sixty-three—ju—!" He checked himself. "I forgot. I won't say 'jukes' any more. I won't. There were sixty-three in all, mother. Besides, I remember now. Yes; there were sixty-three. I remember that it took a long time, because I was afraid of not being fair."

This is gruesome enough, and something new from the author of "*Dr. Claudius*" and "*Mr. Isaacs*," "*A Roman Singer*" and "*Zoroaster*." Mrs. Harmon is moved by her son's story to write her husband a long letter, in which she offers again to live with him, but states that love is impossible. Another scene with Colonel Wimpole follows, in which he pleads for her and her frustrated life, but she refuses to be diverted from what she believes to be her duty. On returning to the hotel they find a telegram announcing Harmon's death. Such is Mr. Crawford's theme, or all of it that need be told. There are two other characters and a parallel story, but they are of no importance.

The object of the book appears to be ethical: a contribution to the solution of the problem of duty before desire. In his concern to find an answer, Mr. Crawford has forgotten that it is the duty of the novelist to put his reader's pleasure before philosophy. I cannot describe "*A Rose of Yesterday*" as either a good story or a good tract. It makes me long for the Mr. Crawford who is now retreating farther and farther into the past.

* * * * *
Pacific Tales. By Louis Becke.
(Fisher Unwin.)

It is impossible (for me, at least) to write with any enthusiasm of Mr. Louis Becke. His work is satisfying, like porridge; but, like porridge, it does not stimulate—much less "over-stimulate." It is possible that knowing he came in on the Pacific tide of the other Louis—the lost Wizard of Samoa—I have come to him with too great expectations; but, however that may be, he has fallen somewhat short of my hopes. Yet he has respectable qualities. These *Pacific Tales*, which he has just published, I find admirable in the way of colour. And by "colour" I do not mean the cheap substitute commonly distinguished by the adjective "local," which can be gained in a fortnight's holiday, and the cost of acquiring which can be counted in terms of deduction from the Income Tax, but the quality which has been soaked up by living for years in a certain milieu, and which is expressed in a man's writing, for the most part, unconsciously. That is your only true "colour," and for permanence and depth of tint and charm of effect it is, compared with the other, as wine to a solution of Condry's Fluid. It goes without saying that that kind of colour is manifest, not only in descriptions of scenery and in the mere aspect of things (which varieties of colour can be tolerably produced by the cheaper imitation), but also more effectively and poignantly in the intimate details of life and sentiment. Where "colour" thus interpenetrates and pervades all it is difficult to quote by way of illustration; but take the following from "*The Shadows of the Dead*":

"At a little distance from the beach stood a tiny thatched-roofed house with sides open to welcome the cooling breath of the land-breeze that, as the myriad stars came forth, stole down from the mountains to the islet trees and then rippled the waters of the shining lagoon. . . . Rolled up and placed over the crossbeams were a number of soft mats,

and as Denison returned, Kuis took these down and placed them upon the ground, which was covered with a thick layer of pebbles. Throwing himself down on the mats, Denison filled his pipe and smoked, while Tulpé and the child made an oven of heated stones to cook the fish they had caught. Kuis had already plucked some young drinking cocoanuts, and Denison heard their heavy fall as he threw them to the ground. And only that Kuis had brave blood in his veins, they had had nothing to drink that night, for no Strong's Islander would ascend a cocoanut-tree there after dark, for devils, fiends, goblins, the ghosts of men long dead, and evil spirits flitted to and fro amid the bosage of the islet once night had fallen. And even Kuis, despite the long years he had spent among white men in his cruises in American whale-ships; in his younger days, chid his wife and child sharply for not hastening to him and carrying the nuts away as they fell."

That is the kind of colour which gives to these *Pacific Tales* their one remarkable and valuable quality of verisimilitude. They appeal to you as real stories—as, in fact, "yarns," artless and unadorned. Sometimes the "yarn" is so artless as to be little more than a pointless reminiscence, like the one called "In the Evening"; but few are of that sort: most of them contain at least a moment of dramatic action. "In the old Beach-combing Days" may be cited as giving instance of that. There it is told how Togusa, the king, with the aid of the old beach-comber Westall, received the missionaries who proposed to make his people Christians. The missionaries, or "Christ-men," have brought into the presence of the king a native minister to interpret. The minister is discovered to be a wretched slave from a neighbouring tribe, and the king is incensed, and commands the creature to be seized. Then Togusa proposes to the leader of the missionaries a simple, savage test of a cardinal doctrine of the Christian faith:

"'Christ-man, answer me this. This dog here'—and he pointed scornfully at the grovelling figure of the native minister—'this dog sayeth that he will live for ever by reason of the new faith he hath gotten from thee.'

"'Man,' said the missionary [to the old beach-comber, who interpreted] . . . 'tell him that Lakolalai, God's minister, will have eternal life hereafter, even if these godless heathens now take his life.'

"Then Westall turned to the king. 'The Christ-man sayeth, O Togusa, that this man, Lakolalai, will have life for ever.'

"'Ha,' said Togusa, 'now we shall see if this be true.'

"Two men advanced, and, seizing the native minister, stood him upon his trembling feet. 'Stand aside, gentlemen, if you please,' said old Westall quietly to the missionaries. They moved aside, and then Togusa, calling to Sikra the chief, pointed to the wretched Lakolalai.

"'Take thou thy spear, Sikra, and thrust it through this man's body. And if he live, then shall I believe that he will live for ever.'

"And Sikra, with a fierce smile, seized his heavy, ebony-wood spear, and as he raised his right hand and poised the weapon the men who held Lakolalai's arms suddenly stretched them widely apart. The spear sped from Sikra's hand, and, spinning through the convert's body, fell near the feet of the Reverend Gilead Bawl and his brethren at the other end of the room."

You may note, even from these two quotations which I have presented, that Mr. Becke's writing is lacking in character and distinction. Not only is his language not choice, but (as you may see) it is also frequently incorrect and ungrammatical. He has no feeling for *le mot juste*; but he has colour and reality. He provokes in us no delight in his art, for he has none himself, but he gives a tolerable amount of interest and amusement; and for these gifts—all too rare, spite of the marvellous multiplication of books—let us be thankful.

* * * * *

Symphonies. By George Egerton.
(John Lane.)

Both the limitations and the very considerable gifts of "George Egerton" are displayed in this book. One story, at least—"At the heart of the Apple"—is daring and original, beyond anything of "George Egerton's" that I have met with before. In the other six, for the most part, if she has learned little or nothing, she has, at least, unlearned none of the literary deftness which made "Keynotes" a notable book of its year, and justified the selection of it as the typical volume of a series that seldom contains an undistinguished work.

In the portrayal of individual character the author, it appears to me, reaches her limitations most readily. The indolently chivalrous, rather slangy man, into whose mouth are put the two

stories, "Sea Pinks" and "A Nocturne" (which are, in their essentials, only two settings of the same idea), is rather unconvincing. Many women much less clever than "George Egerton" have represented the mannish attitude more faithfully. But when it is a question of conveying to the reader's imagination the atmosphere of a place—the general tone of some little community—the author achieves considerable success, by means in themselves restrained and legitimate. Take, for instance, the Irish village-folk in "Oony," a story which, though loose in construction and crowded with irrelevance, contains some of the most skilful detail in the book. The child of a murdered emergency-man is placed, after a legal contest arising out of the religious question, in charge of

"a 'voteen' of the worst description. The whole place reeked of dirt and neglect. The bed-linen she had brought Jack as a dowry had been turned into nether garments years ago; and no bed in the house could boast a 'screed' of white on it. The entire family, except the two elder boys, slept in the end room; and they threw their clothes, as they took them off, up on to the faded moreen canopy."

With the "boys" aforesaid the orphan speedily quarrels, the difference arising, characteristically, out of a prayer.

"'What are ye going to ask for?' queried Jamsie coaxingly. Oony hesitated; then she said softly, 'I'm going to pray for me poor Ma's soul, to get her out o' purgatory.' . . . 'Faith, then, ye might as well be prayin' for Musheragh mountain to move down to the meadow beyant. She never seen purgatory; cock her up with it, an' she a black Protestan!' It's in hell she is for all eternity!' The child flushed, and her lip quivered; she sprang and struck him, with her thin little fist doubled, square on the mouth, calling: 'Ye lie, ye lie, ye lie, ye little blackguard!'

"Jamsie screamed, and hit her back. Noreen seized her by the hair behind. The ducks quacked and scattered the mud; and Mrs. Jack and the family gathered to witness the scrimmage. 'Mush, my God, childre, what the divil ails ye? Lave go, will ye, ye young divil! Quit, I tell yez, Jamsie, quit now!' . . . 'She sed she was goin' to pray for her ould Protestan' mother's soul,' explained Noreen; 'an' poor Jamsie only sed she was burnin' in hell, an' she wint for him wid her fishts.' 'I told ye the black drop 'ud come out,' said Miss Mary Kate. 'She's damned crabbed intirely; look how she bit his hand!' Mrs. Jack dropped her beads, and, seizing the child, belaboured her with a round stick that served as a potato masher. 'I'll tache ye better manners, ye little bitch [whack]; where else would she be [whack], only in hell; an' out av hell there's no redemption.' The child shrieked between her pain. . . ."

Hardly anything could be more convincing, and so, throughout, whether the author writes of a Chilean town, a Norwegian islet, or her favourite Basque villages, the whole atmosphere of the place is created with the same precision of touch. The Norwegian story alone (though not precisely *virginibus puerisque*) would redeem the collection from mediocrity: and all the stories are worth a second reading. I do not see why they are called symphonies; there is nothing symphonic about them; but perhaps after "Keynotes" and "Discords" it was inevitable.

* * * * *

The Winds of March. By George Knight.
(Jarrold & Sons.)

Mr. George Knight has turned to the familiar contest between flesh and spirit in a young priest. The theme is so old that I cannot but admire the author's temerity in venturing upon it; but, in the main, he has succeeded in treating it with freshness and some distinction. It is a pity, I think, that he should have made Bab an illegitimate child—a pity, because so unnecessary—and one wonders still more why Magnus's mother should have been made so unholy a woman. However, having made his choice, the author has handled his material deftly enough.

Bab gave the Rev. Anthony Magnus tea in her workroom at the top of the house, and that infatuated gentleman was induced to hide in a cupboard because Bab's aunt (and the curate's landlady) was heard coming upstairs. When he was released—

"Magnus stepped out into the late sunlight, and stood brushing the dust off his coat.

"'There's no one else in,' Bab told him. 'Susie the maid's on her day off. You can go down and begin to study; and, remember, you've not been out since I let you in.'

"He started to go without speaking to her.

"You'll have to take your boots off," commanded Bab, with secret amusement.

"Why?"

"Auntie's an awfully light sleeper," she answered. "Take them in your hand."

Magnus stooped and drew off his shoes.

"Good-bye," said Bab; "I hope you enjoyed your tea." He turned on her a face of such shame and sorrow that her conscience smote her. Then, like Pharaoh of old, she hardened her heart.

"Good-bye," she bade him again.

He opened the door and went noiselessly out.

When he had been gone a moment, she ran to the balusters and looked over. He was picking his way down the last flight with steady caution.

Bab clapped her hands noiselessly, but there were tears in her eyes. She brushed them away.

"Oh, ho!"

You must know,

The tears were running down,

she adapted, humming the air to herself.

The curate of St. Mark's walked vaguely into his study and restored his shoes to their proper position. Then he crossed to his desk, sat down, and in the same vague fashion commenced to write.

Suddenly he scanned what he had written—mere aimless scratchings of the pen.

He dropped his face into his hands and began to weep with great convulsive sobs.

In the chapter which follows this, I regret to say that Magnus entirely ceases to be a gentleman and becomes a cad. It is impossible to believe that Mr. Knight convinced himself that his hero could have talked to any girl in such execrable taste. For the rest, the book is interesting and clever, with touches of true pathos and a sense of atmosphere and life.

* * *

Dracula. By Bram Stoker.

(Constable & Co.)

Anyone, I think, who has watched with any attention the tendencies of recent fiction will have noted an increasing taste for what I may call "horrors." One sees the same thing, of course, in journalism. Crimes, floods, fires, "horrid details" of all kinds sell more editions of an evening paper than far more important and edifying matters. Many of the magazines, too, seem to rely on attracting readers by stories that are gruesome or revolting rather than by more cheerful reading. That the tendency is a particularly good one I cannot venture to assert, but it exists and must be taken into account. Mr. Bram Stoker's new book, *Dracula*, is an example of this school of work. The story is one long nightmare, full of mad-house imaginings, vampires, and everything that is likely to keep nervous people from sleep at night. It is a curious compound of realism and sensationalism; but though it does not belong to a school that I admire, it is written at times with considerable power. The descriptions of Count Dracula's Transylvanian castle, and, indeed, the whole picture of Jonathan Harker's experiences in the Carpathians, are done with a vivid impressionist touch which strikes home at once to the imagination, while the supernatural element of horror is so skilfully worked in the earlier chapters as to be, for the moment, quite convincing. Here is an effective passage:

"At last there came a time when the driver went further afield than he had yet gone, and during his absence the horses began to tremble worse than ever, and to snort and scream with fright. I could not see any cause for it, for the howling of the wolves had ceased altogether; but just then the moon, sailing through the black clouds, appeared behind the jagged crest of a beetling, pine-clad rock, and by its light I saw around us a ring of wolves, with white teeth and lolling red tongues, with long sinewy limbs and shaggy hair. They were a hundred times more terrible in the grim silence which held them than even when they howled. For myself I felt a sort of paralysis of fear. It is only when a man feels himself face to face with such horrors that he can understand their true import."

The middle part of the book, where the scene is mainly in England, strikes me as less good. Vampires need a Transylvanian background to be convincing. The witches in "Macbeth" would not be effective in Oxford-street. And Mr. Stoker's method of telling his story by extracts from different people's diaries, letters, and the like unduly prolongs the book and makes the incidents less easy to follow. He is best in his most nightmarish moods.

"I knew that there were at least three graves to find—graves that are inhabit; so I search, and search, and I find one of them. She lay in her vampire sleep, so full of life and voluptuous beauty that I shudder as though I have come to do murder. Ah, I doubt not that in old time, when such things were, many a man who set forth to do such a task as mine found at the last his heart fail him, and then his nerve! So he delay, and delay, and delay, till the mere beauty and the fascination of the wanton Un-dead have hypnotise him; and he remain on and on till sunset come, and the vampire sleep be over. Then the beautiful eyes of the fair woman open and look love, and the voluptuous mouth present to a kiss—and man is weak."

The speaker is Dr. Van Helsing, which accounts for the curious English. I have written enough, I think, to show my readers what to expect from *Dracula*. If they want their flesh to be made to "creep" Mr. Stoker will be able to manage it for them.

* * *

In Vallombrosa. By Adeline Sargent.

(F. V. White & Co.)

It is one of the drawbacks attached to the vocation of the novelist that he must, even on holiday, bear the professional eye about with him. To him travel means local colour, castles are viewed from the point of view of their adaptability to love-scenes, and when the lark sings he makes a note of it for future reference. So, Miss Adeline Sargent has been to Vallombrosa, and the world knows of it through this book. She will not, I fancy, claim for her holiday task a more honourable title than "pot-boiler." We are introduced to a Mrs. Marchmont, who, through negligence rather than by intention, has been generally supposed a widow. She has, in reality, a not too attentive husband in England, who, being stricken with a fatal malady, comes presently out to Vallombrosa to ask her forgiveness. He lives long enough to make an edifying repentance, and dies in the hope that his wife will marry the better man whom the novelist has provided for her.

"When it was quite dark Anthony spoke in a hushed voice:

"Cecily, when I am gone—"

"Don't—don't speak of it, Anthony."

"I must, my sweet. I want you to remember what I say. Will you promise me to remember?"

"Yes."

"Well . . . remember, I should like to think of you as happy. I don't know whether I shall know what you are doing; but if I know, I'm sure it will be a pleasure to me that you should have a happy life. So don't turn away from any chance of happiness with the feeling that you would be wronging me, or doing what I should not like."

"She could not speak."

"This man—that loved you," he began.

"Anthony, I have put him out of my life for ever."

"Not for ever, I think, dear. If he is worthy of you, I hope he will come back again, and make you his wife. Yes, I hope it. It will be better for you to marry, dearest, and find some compensation for all I have made you endure. I should be a churl, indeed, if I grudged you any happiness in the future." But his voice trembled a little. After all, it was hard—it was hard! And Cecily clung to him closely still.

"You do not think I could forget these days together," she said. "You have been to me so much more than ever before—"

"No, don't forget them," he said tenderly. "Don't forget me, either. I should like you to think of me—to pray for me even, if you think prayers are of any use to the dead; to remember me with your sweet forgiveness and charity all the days of your life."

"I shall never forget," she murmured.

The very thin thread of the story is twined rather deftly round a saintly legend of the locality; and, as might be expected, the descriptive element bulks largely. It would, perhaps, be better if good novelists like Miss Sargent would give us only masterpieces; but I suppose novelists must go on writing, and few of them can afford to tear up at the end the story which has not fulfilled the promise of its conception.

* * *

In the Tideway. By Flora Annie Steel.

(Constable & Co.)

In this book Mrs. Steel leaves the Land of the Five Rivers for that other portion of her kingdom, the cold, moorish, seaboard of north-west Scotland. Roedaray is a shooting-box on a wind-swept island, with the sound of Atlantic breakers always in the air, and in front of it, "right out in the sunset like Avilion," *Eilean-a-varai*—

Iale of the Dead. Thither come an English shooting party, and there, in that land of ancient memory and wild tales, Fate comes out of the sea for some of the number, and the tragedy of life is played out on the salt sands against the background of the moors.

The tale is quaintly fantastic, for an old folk-legend is woven in with the fact. Indeed, the book is very unlike Mrs. Steel's other work, with its sober air of reality and elaborate plan. It is far different even from her previous Scotch story, "Red Rowans," for there she had a large canvas and many figures. There is nothing in this book so humorously conceived as "Blazes," so subtly and adequately drawn as "Lady George," or even so pathetic as "Marjory Carmichael." It is a mere sketch—a study in melancholy sentiment and lost hopes, with hints of a great life-tragedy underlying the half-jeesting conversation of the actors. When Lady Maud dies in the quicksand you feel that it is a mere freak of fate, but such is the author's skilful use of the old stories and the mystery of the land that the thing does not surprise or offend. Had the scene and atmosphere been different I should have asked to hear more about her cousin Eustace and her husband, to have a fuller account of her progress in emotions. As it is the book is a sheer triumph of skill, one degree, perhaps, less valuable than a fully conceived presentation of the actual, but none the less admirable, within its limits. There is care shown in every character. Miss Willina is delightful; Captain Weeks, Cynthia Strong, and the artist Lockhart are vividly done for all their slightness. But the real art, perhaps, lies less in the sequence of events or the portrayal of character than in just this subtle suggestion everywhere of the abiding causeless mystery of land and sea.

* * * * *

Little Stories about Women. By George Fleming.
(Grant Richards.)

It is from a dingy palette that these impressions are spread; they are keyed down to the patience of the most morose pessimism; but they are truth (that side of it), and life (at its most lamentable). In the career of human beings there arrives a moment when the soul comes to the surface; and the careful watcher may discern in the meagre spectre the never realised notion after which its Creator fashioned it. George Fleming is this careful watcher. She knows how to capture the moment, she is cunning to unveil it. Her method reminds one more than a little of M. Marcel Prévost. I select "A Contemporary." It is the reverie of a woman upon what had not passed six years before, upon the day when, by way of a final indulgence of an unlawful passion, she had given her lover a farewell rendezvous: 'That meeting never took place.'

"... They had been prevented by the commonest, the most obvious of accidents. It had simply rained all day long. . . . She had so vehemently persuaded herself that the very completeness of the sacrifice—the manner in which she sent him away for ever—could propitiate fate, cheat justice, turn this last poor self-indulgence into a mere question of compensation for the pain they suffered. And then it had rained all day."

We look into the woman's mind while the fictitious details of that sterile day stream through it, just as, by a more familiar device for securing the perspective of which Mr. Harland writes as so effective an element in the successful treatment of the short story, we have been shown the intimate leaves of the *carton* or of familiar correspondence. She arrives at the station for Stonehenge (so runs the story which she tells herself for the hundredth time) and finds him awaiting her. In the lumbering hired carriage he was by her side.

"His love was there. . . . And in an instant a feeling of absolute satisfaction, the rest, the contentment of a natural completion, filled all her heart and being; stilled it; filled it; rising, rising like water in a lock."

(That trick, by the way, of doubling a word, either to give a sustained effect or for intensity, is throughout the volume over-indulged.) They send the carriage away and lunch.

"And then . . . she told him the whole story, rapidly, impetuously, without stopping to pick words; as if some secret barrier between their minds were for the first time broken. 'I was twenty-two, nearly twenty-three.' And there were so many of us at home. I was so pleased not to wait; to be the first of all to marry. . . . I liked all the things he gave me. Roger, now—*now*—at the present moment—I like having those things still."

But this was not all that held her. When she was most nearly softened recurred the knowledge that

"... sometime, somewhere, there would come a certain day, a certain hour, when he ceased [*sic*] to care for her as he cared now . . . And nothing could prevent it—nothing. . . . It was not even his fault . . ."

As they neared the terminus he made a last appeal, and as he knelt

"... she laid her other hand upon his bowed head. What was there left to say? She loved this man with all the force of which she was capable. . . . But she had grown up in a society which discourages sentiment and holds many material satisfactions for those who are successful after its own fashion."

Her husband fusses in upon the finish of the vision. The impression is of a little nature fenced into the strait path of social sanction by no principle of religion or of ethics, but by its essential defects of courage and confidence, subject, therefore, to every temptation, empty of all satisfaction—a strong and clear impression caught at the moment when the woman knew herself. Of the eleven other stories—and none of them falls below a high standard—"A Woman with No Nonsense About Her" and "For Ten Francs" are remarkable. Of all I may observe that they are not work to be recommended either to the man in the street or the man in the train.

* * * * *

Audrey Craven. By May Sinclair.
(Blackwood.)

Fiction appears to be looking up. During the last three or four weeks I have come upon at least as many novels of real merit, all of them deserving to be classed as serious attempts at literature and not mere imitations of other men's vogue. Not the least notable of these is "Audrey Craven." If this is Miss Sinclair's first book, as I suppose it is, she has my warmest congratulations on a most admirable opening to her career. The writing is excellent and without affectation, and every character in the book lives. In Audrey, especially, Miss Sinclair has given us a fine character-study in the deliberate analytic style of Mrs. Humphry Ward, although Audrey is perhaps conceived with more of deliberate hostility than Mrs. Ward generally permits herself towards her puppets. Beautiful, vain and shallow, impressionable, and with only a rudimentary conscience, she goes far to ruin two men's lives before she falls into the hands of Langley Wyndham, and becomes the copy for his next novel. Here is a specimen of Miss Sinclair's handling of Audrey, full, it seems to me, of fine irony, and written with unstrained ease and distinction. One of Audrey's discarded lovers has died of drink. Katherine is the woman who really loved him:

"Katherine could bear it no longer, but she managed to control her voice in answering: 'Why do you tell me these things? Do you suppose I care to hear about your "feelings"?—if you do feel.'

"If I do feel? Kathy!"

"Well, why can't you keep quiet, now it's too late?"

"Because—because I wanted you to know that I loved him."

"There was silence. Presently Audrey put one hand on Katherine's knee.

"Kathy—"

"I'd rather you didn't call me that, if you don't mind."

"Why?" Audrey stared with large, incomprehensible eyes.

"I can't tell you why."

"Katherine, then—it is prettier. Do you know I sometimes think it's better, oh, infinitely better, that he should have died."

"Katherine rose from her seat, to end it, looking down on the kneeling figure, as she answered bitterly, 'It was indeed—infinitely better.'

"But irony, like so many other things of the kind, was beyond Audrey.

"I suppose I ought to go now," she said rising.

"Katherine made no answer.

"Audrey went away to get ready a little reluctantly, for she had so much more to say. It had never occurred to her to be jealous of Katherine. That may have been either because she did not know, or because she did not care. She had been so sure of Vincent.

"Presently she came back with her hat on. She carried her bearskins in her hand, and under the shade of the broad black beaver her face wore an expression of anxious thought.

"Katherine"—she held out her cape and muff, and Katherine remembered that they were those which Vincent had given her—"I suppose I can wear my furs still, even if I am in mourning?"

"There was neither scorn nor irony in the look that Katherine turned on her, and Audrey understood this time. As plainly as looks can speak



W. M. THACKERAY

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it condemned her as altogether lighter than vanity itself; and while condemning, it forgave her.

"He gave them to me, you know," she said at last. Audrey's pathos generally came too late."

A good foil to Audrey is provided in Katherine Haviland, true artist and true woman, who is most delicately and sympathetically done.

* * * * *

The Old Ecstasies. By Gaspard Trehern.
(Bellairs & Co.)

This is a book in the *Ercles* vein. The author has a curious style. His familiarity with the reader is so great as to become offensive. He has no hesitation in addressing him, in the course of a purely imaginary controversy, as "Bah, man!" and he ends one chapter with the urgent query, also addressed to the world at large, "Why don't you spit on me?" It is, perhaps, unfair as a rule to cite particular phrases as samples of a book, but in the present case it is the shortest method of giving an idea of a book which is all gasps and ecstasies. Mr. Trehern, for example, is fond of the word "confab"; he even uses "confabbed" as a verb. "My dear little jumble girl" is his way of referring to the heroine. Another of his ladies is given to self-criticism. "You will find in me," she says, "a want of bay and promontory, hill and dale, we all like so to see in a woman." Somewhat in the *Marie Corellian* line is this outburst: "Consistent? Detested cant word of the critics. The critics? Rule of thumb jugglers with dead inkpots and pens. Who are they to talk to me about being Consistent? They were not there. I was! My God—I was there!" In his more restrained moments the author enunciates, through the mouth of one of his characters, the striking doctrine that "sin develops the heart and makes ye believe in God." The story of the book hardly counts; though towards the end a situation is developed which, in the hands of a more discreet author, might be powerful.

A GUIDE TO DICKENS.

The Novels of Charles Dickens. By Frederic G. Kitton.
(Elliot Stock.)

Mr. Kitton has produced a pleasant compilation of the facts concerning the writing, publication, and characters of Charles Dickens's novels. He adds to them new minor facts that have arisen, and of these there is a constant supply. The number of men and women who have personal recollections of Dickens, or were known to him, is still large. Mute things still wear the charm with which he invested them. People die whom he sketched, and buildings fall that he peopled. Being dead he yet speaketh, not only in his books, but in the streets of London and in the speech of daily life. Mr. Kitton is keen to note these adumbrations of Dickens's power. He reminds us of the revival of the eternal Jennings's case last October, in the Court of Chancery, when that prototype of "*Jarndyce v. Jarndyce*" was before Mr. Kekewich. He notes that in December of last year Mr. Cluer adopted, at the South Western Police Court, the ruling of Mr. Justice Stareleigh in "*Bardle v. Pickwick*," that "what the soldier, or any other man, said is not evidence." He quotes from a recent discussion in the *Daily Chronicle* on boys' literature the letter of an "Ex-Arab," who read the *Bleak House* chapter about Jo when he was living Jo's pitiful life. He reminds us that the original of Nicholas in *Nicholas Nickleby*, Mr. Henry Burnett, died only four years ago. He describes the present state of Tom All-Along's, near Drury-lane. Thus his book is salted with facts that are within the younger reader's knowledge, while those which are not so are clearly stated.

The identification of Dickens's characters with their prototypes in real life has received much attention from Mr. Kitton. There was never any difficulty in making these identifications, except such as arose from the eagerness of people to claim they had been in Dickens's eye. Many Yorkshire schoolmasters were anxious to be regarded as the true Squeers! Mrs. Nickleby was based on the author's mother. Miss La Creevy, the miniature painter, was Miss Rose Emma Drummond, who painted Dickens's portrait on ivory in 1835. The wretched Newman Noggs was portrayed after "an impoverished gentleman, Newman Knott, whom Dickens saw at the office of Messrs. Ellis & Blackmore, during his own

clerkship days." The Cheeryble Brothers were the brothers Daniel and William Grant, of Ramsbottom, near Manchester; Dickens knew them only through others, but he did not exaggerate their benevolence. William Grant's papers showed, after his death, that he had given away £600,000 in charity. The original of Barnaby Rudge is thought to have died recently. "He was a peculiarly eccentric young man named Walter de Brisac, who lived at Chatham—a pedlar by profession." When Dickens's attention was first drawn to him he was wearing a suit of clothes suggestive of a remote period of antiquity, and was clad in the same garments when he died, suffering from wretchedness and destitution. In the same novel we have Lord Chesterfield described under the name of Sir John Chester. Mr. Pecksniff was thought to be Mr. S. C. Hall, editor of the *Art Journal*. Poor little Paul Dombey was the novelist's nephew, Harry Burnett, and of other characters in *Dombey and Son* Mr. Kitton writes:

"There can be no doubt that the novelist in portraying Mr. Dombey had in view a particular City magnate, as he expressly wished Hablot Browne to get a glimpse of a certain merchant, because he was 'the very Dombey'—that is, externally. Carker was connected, through his father, with an eminent engineering firm, and lived in Oxford-street, where he prowled about. The original of Mrs. Skewton was recognised at the time in a Mrs. Campbell, a lady well known at Leamington; she was so tightly laced that the slightest exertion caused her to pant for breath. It is also said that her daughter stood for the second Mrs. Dombey. Captain Cuttle was one David Mainland, master of a merchantman, who was introduced to Dickens on the day when, accompanied by Thomas Chapman, Maclise, Leech, Rogers and others, he went to see Crosby Hall, Bishopsgate-street, the restoration of which had then been completed. . . . The old nautical instrument maker Sol Gills found his prototype in Mr. Norie, of the firm of Norie & Wilson, Leadenhall-street, in front of whose small shop stood the Little Wooden Midshipman, since removed to the Minories."

Similar pedigrees are supplied by Mr. Kitton to many other characters in the novels. The prices of early editions, of which Mr. Kitton gives particulars, form a set of facts of less general interest. But every page of this unambitious sketch of the novelist deepens one's impression of the prodigious activity of Dickens's head and heart. It is well, too, to be reminded how marvellously he was helped, and how men's sympathies became tributary to the deep stream of his own sympathy with humanity. The thanks that were given him, the letters that were written to him, the coincidences in his career, all go to swell and authenticate his triumph. Such things are the accompaniment of every strenuous life; in Dickens's life they were daily as the sunshine.

THE GREATEST MAN.

On a second-rate planet there lived some men who Did Things. They cut down great forests and tilled the soil, so that they and their fellows might have food. They dug coal and iron from the earth, and with forges and furnaces wrought wondrous machines. They built broad smooth highways, spanned rivers with strong bridges, and tunnelled through high mountains. They led vast armies in battle, sailed huge structures of wood and iron across mighty seas, built million-peopled cities, and published Sunday newspapers with coloured supplements. Thus in many ways did they show that they were no mean persons.

And there were also some men who Wrote Things. They in well-phrased sentences described how the men who Did Things worked. They told of the craft of the woodsman and of the sailor's perils; of the brave men who fought in battle and how the peaceful farmer gathered his harvests. Everything that men did found someone who wrote about it.

Because the people on the second-rate planet were very wise they agreed that the men who wrote about things were far wiser and greater than the men who only did things. Therefore the choicest pleasures of life were given to the writers-about-things.

So in the course of time there grew up men who wrote only about the writings of the men who wrote about things. And these men were also held in high honour. When finally there was discovered a man who wrote only about the men who wrote about the writers-about-things, a happy planet declared him to be its chief Critic and Greatest Man.—(W. Graham in "*The Philistine*.")

MR. G. W. CABLE.

The surroundings of Mr. George Washington Cable, says *The Bookman* (New York), best known as the novelist of the Creoles, are very different to-day from those of his early years, for he is a Southerner and spent the best part of his life in New Orleans, where he was for a long time engaged in business. The innumerable opportunities which the city of New Orleans and the State of Louisiana afford to the novelist were not missed by Mr. Cable, whose delicate art has enshrined the old Creole life in stories of which the North as well as the South may be justly proud. Dr. Robertson Nicoll, who, in company with Mr. Barrie, visited Mr. Cable in his home in the New England town of Northampton, wrote:

"We visited New Orleans and saw the French quarter, which, amid the many changes in other parts of the city, remains practically unaltered. There you may see the house of Mme. Delphine, the haunted house, and the scenes of much besides in Mr. Cable's stories. There you may see the French life flowing beside the American, and hardly mingling with it yet. Mr. Cable naturally took the side of the South, and when a mere boy was a Confederate soldier, like his brother. They saw much of the war, and Mr. Cable was severely wounded. Among his most precious treasures is a collection of letters written by himself and his brother during the war. They are sure to be published some day and to take a prominent place in the literature of the subject."

As is well known, Mr. Cable was early tempted to portray the Creole character, but did not succeed in pleasing the Creoles. Dr. Nicoll had a talk at New Orleans with a lady of long Creole descent, who complained somewhat bitterly of this.

"I replied that to us it seemed that the Creoles Mr. Cable drew were perfectly delightful people, and that if he had underrated their merits they must be the very chosen of the world. She was somewhat propitiated by this, but remained still unsatisfied. A journalist told me that there was something effeminate about the Creole character which Mr. Cable had faithfully rendered, and that the Creoles did not like to have it pointed out. I should have said feminine rather than effeminate, but in any case there should be little reason for complaint. For delicate insight and unerring workmanship there are very few short stories in the English language that approach them. *The Grandissimes* is also a very gay, brilliant and tender book. *Dr. Sevier* is more of a novel with a purpose, but it, too, abounds in fine things, and there is a vein of sweet and serious thought through it all."

Mr. Cable is more than a novelist. He has been from the first an earnest philanthropist, deeply interested in the welfare of his kind. Among his recent undertakings has been the encouragement of home-culture clubs, and it was in behalf of this organisation that the unfortunate *Symposium*, which had a short-lived career, was started. These clubs have done a great deal in America, especially in the country districts, not only for culture, but for the bridging of the gulf between the rich and the poor. It has been already stated that Mr. Cable will visit England in the autumn and give readings from his works, as he has done for a long time in America. He interprets his own writings with consummate ability, and surely no American author is more entitled to, or more assured of, a cordial reception. Mr. Cable has lately assumed the editorship of *Current Literature*, in which he also conducts an editorial symposium.

With the exception of a book of short stories which he is now putting together, Mr. Cable has no immediate literary plans for the future. We understand that the Messrs. Scribner are preparing a holiday illustrated edition of *Old Creole Days* for next Christmas. An English edition of *The Grandissimes*, with an introduction by Mr. J. M. Barrie, is also being projected. Mr. Cable and Mr. Barrie met for the first time last autumn, although the latter had been an ardent admirer of Mr. Cable's work ever since he made the acquaintance of *Old Creole Days*, some five or six years ago.

NEW FICTION OF THE WEEK.

LITTLE STORIES ABOUT WOMEN. By GEORGE FLEMING. (Grant Richards.)

DREAM TALES. By IVAN TURGENEV. (Heinemann.)

A TALE OF TWO TUNNELS. A Romance of the Western Waters. By CLARK RUSSELL. (Chapman & Hall.)

A TRICK OF FAME. By H. HAMILTON FYFE. (R. Bentley & Son.)

FATHER HILARION. By K. DOUGLAS KING. (Hutchinson & Co.)

THE LARRAMAYS. By GEORGE FORD. (Hutchinson & Co.)

A PEAKLAND FAGGOT. Tales Told of Milton Folk. By R. MURRAY GILCHRIST. (Grant Richards.)

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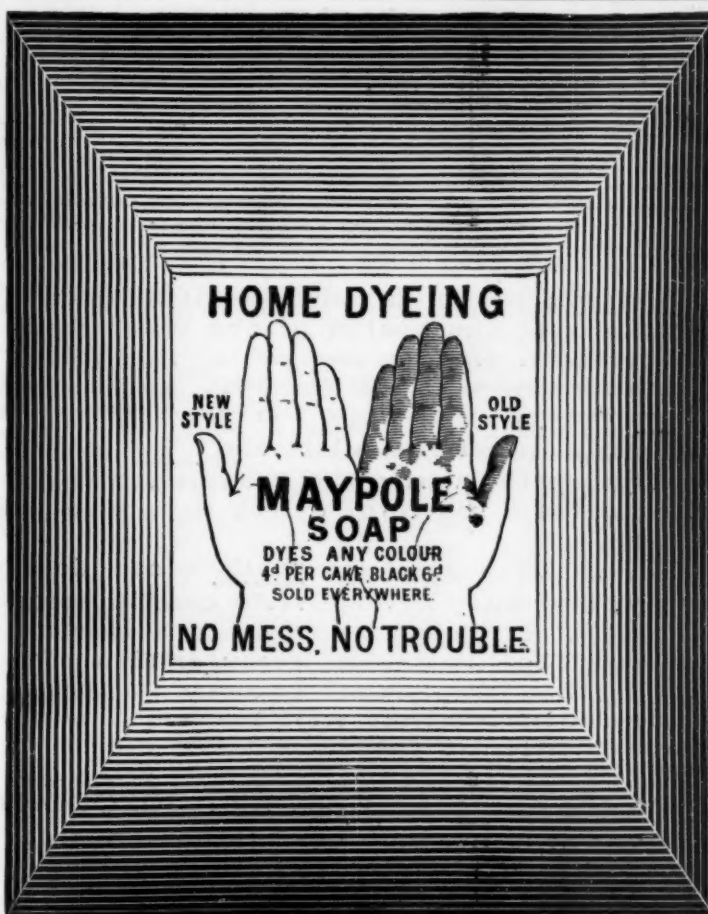
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Occasional contributors are recommended to have their MS. type-written.

All business letters regarding the supply of the paper, &c., should be addressed to the PUBLISHER.

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THE WEEK.

CHRONICLE OF NEW BOOKS.

[This article is a chronicle of books published during the week. Reviews will follow in due course.]

IT might have been thought that Dr. Birkbeck Hill's *Johnsonian Miscellanies*, which were published a few days ago, would be the completion of his life's work. But this is not so. Dr. Hill set aside another project—the editing of a new edition of the *Lives of the Poets*—to compile these interesting volumes. We may yet have the *Poets*, but here are the *Miscellanies*. They are the logical complement of the eight volumes in which Dr. Hill has edited Boswell's *Life*, and Johnson's *Letters*; an edition of the *Lives of the Poets* would have been only supplemental. One feels, therefore, with Dr. Hill himself, that the advice he received from Mr. Leslie Stephen to edit the *Miscellanies* first was sound. Dr. Hill is now far advanced in life, and, unfortunately, his health does not permit him to reside much in this country. These *Johnsonian Miscellanies*, he tells us,

"would have been ready for publication three years earlier had I not been delayed by illness, and by the necessity I have been under of passing all my winters abroad. On the banks of the Lake of Geneva, or on the shores of the Mediterranean, an editor, however much he may be supported by the climate, has to struggle against difficulties which might almost overwhelm him. Many a day he 'casts a long look' towards the Bodleian and the British Museum."

A glance through these volumes assures us of their interest and value to every Johnsonian student. The first volume opens with that strange, sad document, Dr. Johnson's *Prayers and Meditations*. Boswell, it will be remembered, often quotes it, but

in its entirety it is little known. Yet in it Johnson opens his heart to himself and his Maker. Then follows the chapter of autobiography which Johnson would have committed to the flames with a mass of other papers a few days before his death. The fragment here given was kept back by Johnson's black servant, Francis Barber. Mrs. Piozzi's "Anecdotes" of Johnson is the next item. It has elicited many various opinions, most of which condemn its presentation of Johnson as inaccurate. The book appeared in 1786, and was sold out within three days. Arthur Murphy's biographical essay prefixed to his edition of Johnson's works (1792) concludes the first of these volumes. The second is more a collection of snippets. We have a number of "Apothegms," taken from John Hawkins's edition of Boswell, and a great many sets of anecdotes from the memoirs of Johnson's more or less illustrious contemporaries; also a number of Letters, mostly, Dr. Hill thinks, printed for the first time. Among the more amusing contents of the volume are the two Dialogues in which Sir Joshua Reynolds parodied Dr. Johnson's conversation and illustrated his own remark that "Dr. Johnson considered Garrick as his property, and would never suffer anyone to praise or abuse him but himself."

Mr. W. E. Henley's "Tudor Translations" series has been enriched by a new edition of Thomas Danett's translation of the famous *Chronicle* of Philippe de Comines. Danett published his version in 1596, and his present editor, Mr. Charles Whibley, has high praise for his work. He writes:

"When Comines wrote his *Chronicle*, he hoped no more for it than that the Archbishop of Vienne should turn it into Latin; and within a century it was part of four literatures! Moreover, so great is the superiority of a living over a dead language that, while the Latin version of Jean Sleidan is forgotten, the English of Thomas Danett is a masterpiece untouched by age. It possesses all the virtues of majestic speech: written at the time when all men handled English prose with freedom and strength unparalleled, it is distinguished by the rich cadences and the wealth of imagery which are the glory of our Authorised Version. To criticise it were superfluous, since it carries its virtues upon the surface. It satisfies the wisest canons of translation. It is neither slavish nor diffuse; the English is no mere echo of the French; but the sentences are admirably turned from one idiom into the other. . . . You may read his history from end to end with a pleasure which comes rather from the music of the phrase than from the simple statement. And he is a true Elizabethan in his preference for a fat, sonorous prose before the stern and careful elegance of Philippe de Comines."

The two volumes of the present edition have the lightness and the nobility of type common to the "Tudor Translations."

The arrival of four large volumes in a blue canvas binding cannot but excite curiosity. They turn out to be the *Memoirs of Bertrand Barère*, now first presented in English. Mr. Payen Pain has translated them from the French edition of 1843, for which M. Hippolyte Carnot, the son of Barère's well-known colleague on the Committee of Public Safety, and the father of the late President Carnot, was responsible. The *Memoirs* of a man so intimately concerned

in the French Revolution may not prove superfluous even at this day. Barère, moreover, is interesting as a hater of England. It must be confessed that Macaulay gave Englishmen their revenge—had they desired it—in a summary of Barère's character which he wrote in the *Edinburgh Review*. Here it is:

"Our opinion, then, is this: that Barère approached nearer than any person mentioned in history or fiction, whether man or devil, to the idea of consummate and universal depravity. In almost every particular sort of wickedness he has had rivals. His sensuality was immoderate; but that was a failing common to him with many great and amiable men. There have been many men as cowardly as he, some as cruel, a few as mean, a few as impudent. There may also have been as great liars, though we have never met with them or read of them. But when we put everything together—sensuality, poltroonery, baseness, effrontery, mendacity, barbarity—the result is something which, in a novel, we should condemn as caricature, and to which, we venture to say, no parallel can be found in history."

M. Carnot portrays Barère more favourably, and we may hope that he therein portrays him nearer to the life.

Another book of the week that surprises at first sight is *The Naturalist in Australia*, a large and sumptuous square quarto, profusely illustrated by photographs and coloured drawings. The binding is embellished with four comic lizards. We thought they were meant to be comic until we found the drawings repeated in the book, with the information that they are from instantaneous photographs. The Australian frilled lizard walks erect, and with airs and graces and occasional dance attitudes that must be intensely ludicrous in life. One lizard is apparently performing an eccentric dance that would be the making of an Alhambra ballet. The walk of another proclaims him a born fop, and a third is running with the air of a policeman who is making speed with dignity. We see that the author, Mr. W. Savile Kent, devotes chapters to "Insect Oddities" and "Vegetable Vagaries." Many of the photographs would give ideas to Caran d'Ache or Oberländer, those past masters of comic zoology. The work, as a whole, is, of course, a serious contribution to science.

A Jubilee book that should find favour is *Women Novelists of Queen Victoria's Reign*. It is a series of appreciations of deceased women novelists whose work fell entirely within the present reign. The contributing writers are all women. Mrs. Oliphant writes on The Sisters Brontë, Mrs. Lynn Linton on George Eliot, Miss Edna Lyall on Mrs. Gaskell, and Miss Adeline Sergeant and Miss Charlotte M. Yonge each have three short appreciations of women novelists. The book is in quarto size, and handsomely published.

The members of the Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society listened last autumn to five lectures, having for their object "the extension of the conception of Art, and, more especially, the application of the idea of beauty as well as of utility to the organisation and decoration of our greater cities." These lectures are now issued in a neat volume by Messrs. Rivington, Percival & Co.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

[In the following list prices are given where they have been supplied by Publishers.]

BIBLICAL AND THEOLOGICAL.

- THE MODERN READER'S BIBLE: EZEKIEL. Edited by Rev. R. G. Moulton, M.A. Macmillan & Co. 2s. 6d.
ST. JOSEPH'S ANTHOLOGY. Edited by Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J. M. H. Gill & Son (Dublin).
LIFE OF ST. JOHN OF THE CROSS. Compiled and translated by David Lewis, M.A. Thomas Baker.
SAINT COLUMBA: A RECORD AND A TRIBUTE. By Duncan Macgregor. J. G. Hill (Edinburgh).
ANCIENT ENGLISH HOLY WEEK OBSERVATIONS. By Henry John Fenssey. Thomas Baker. 7s.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

- MEMOIRS OF BERTRAND BARRÈRE. Now first translated by De V. Payon-Payne. 4 vols. H. S. Nichols.
JOHNSONIAN MISCELLANIES. Arranged and edited by George Birkbeck Hill, D.C.L., LL.D. 2 vols. Clarendon Press. 25s.
HISTORICAL MEMOIRALS OF ELY CATHEDRAL: TWO LECTURES. By Charles William Stubbs, D.D. J. M. Dent & Co.
MY FATHER AS I RECALL HIM. By Mamie Dickens. The Roxburghe Press. 3s. 6d.

ART, POETRY, BELLES LETTRES, ETC.

- ART AND LIFE, AND THE BUILDING AND DECORATION OF CITIES: A COURSE OF LECTURES. By T. J. Cobden-Sanderson, Walter Crane, and others. Rivington, Percival & Co. 6s.
WOMEN NOVELISTS OF QUEEN VICTORIA'S REIGN. By Mrs. Oliphant, Mrs. Lynn Linton, and others. Hurst & Blackett.
ENGLISH MINSTERLIESE. Vol. VII. Edited by S. Baring-Gould, M.A. T. C. and E. C. Jack (Edinburgh).
BACKWARD LOOKING: VERSES OCCASIONAL AND MISCELLANEOUS. ARON. Wm. Pollard (Exeter).
QUEEN-EMPEROR AND EMPIRE: 1837-1897. A Poem. By George Francis Savage-Armstrong. Marcus Ward & Co. 8s.

TRAVEL, TOPOGRAPHY, ETC.

- DIARY OF A TOUR THROUGH GREAT BRITAIN IN 1795. By Rev. William MacRitchie. Edited by David MacRitchie. Elliot Stock. 6s.
THE NEW AFRICA: A JOURNEY UP THE CHOSE AND DOWN THE OKOVANGA RIVERS. By Aurel Schults, M.D., and August Hartman, C.E. William Heinemann.
GRANT ALLEN'S HISTORICAL GUIDE: CITIES OF BELGIUM. Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.

NATURAL HISTORY.

- THE NATURALIST IN AUSTRALIA. By W. Saville-Kent, F.L.S., F.Z.S. Chapman & Hall.
THE MIGRATION OF BIRDS: AN ATTEMPT TO REDUCE AVINE SEASON-FLIGHT TO LAW. By Charles Dixon. Horace Cox.
THE WOODLAND LIFE. By Edward Thomas. Wm. Blackwood & Sons. 6s.
IN GARDEN, ORCHARD, AND SPINNEY. By Phil Robinson Ibbister & Co.

EDUCATIONAL.

- CICERO: CATO MAJOR DE SENECTUTE. With Notes by Charles E. Bennett. Leach, Shewell & Sanborn (New York). 60 cents.
ST. JOHN IN THE DESERT: AN INTRODUCTION TO BROWNING'S "A DEATH IN THE DESERT." By Rev. G. U. Pope, D.D. Oxford University Press. 2s.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- THE KLEBERDORF GOLD FIELDS. By G. A. Denny. Macmillan & Co. £2 2s.
WASTE AND REPAIR IN MODERN LIFE. By Robson Roose. John Murray. 7s. 6d.
ELY CATHEDRAL. By Rev. W. E. Dickson, M.A. ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL. By Rev. W. C. E. Newbolt, M.A. Ibbister & Co., Ltd.
THE EASTERN CRISIS OF 1897, AND BRITISH POLICY IN THE NEAR EAST. By G. H. Ferris. Chapman & Hall. 3s. 6d.
IMPRESSIONS OF TURKEY. By Prof. W. M. Ramsay. Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.
CABOT'S DISCOVERY OF NORTH AMERICA. By G. E. Wearo. John Macquoen.
THE VICTORIAN ERA. By P. Anderson Graham. Longmans, Green & Co. 2s. 6d.
SONNETS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. Edited by Walter Jarrold. J. M. Dent & Co.
THE PLACE OF DEATH IN EVOLUTION. By Newman Smith. T. Fisher Unwin.

NOTES AND NEWS.

MR. W. E. HENLEY has at last completed the edition of Burns which he has been engaged on for so long in collaboration with Mr. Henderson. The third and last volume will contain Mr. Henley's essay on the genius of the poet.

It is stated that the name of Mr. George Smith, the senior partner in the firm of Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co., will be found in the list of Diamond Jubilee honours. This choice will be popular among literary men. By his public-spirited enterprise in undertaking, at his own cost, the *Dictionary of National Biography*, which is now so near completion, Mr. Smith has performed an action which merits notice from the English throne.

MR. J. M. BARRIE has finished the dramatic version of *The Little Minister*.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN & Co. are preparing an English edition of *The Choir Invisible*, the historical novel of Kentucky, by Mr. James Lane Allen, which all Americans are now reading. Mr. Allen has been writing for some years, but he has only lately found his public. His other books are *A Kentucky Cardinal*, *Aftermath*, *Summer in Arcady*, *The Blue Grass Region of Kentucky*, and *Flute and Violin*. One critic has said of *The Choir Invisible* that it is the most considerable American work of fiction since *The Scarlet Letter*; another has grouped it with *Esmond*. We shall see.

WITH the July number Messrs. Dent & Co. become the publishers of *Natural Science*. Among those who will contribute papers to this number are Dr. John Murray, Prof. Ray Lankester, Dr. Bashford Dean, Dr. P. L. Sclater, Mr. Lewis Abbott, Mr. R. Lydekker, and Mr. F. R. Weldon. All communications for the editor or for the publishers should in future be sent to the editorial and publishing offices, 67, St. James's-street, S.W.

MR. HENRY JAMES is now the London correspondent of *Harper's Weekly*.

THE *Chap-Book*, after commenting upon the war correspondence of Mr. Stephen Crane, which it describes as a failure, owing to the conquest of the eyesight of Mr. Crane the reporter over the imagination of Mr. Crane the artist, continues thus:

"The literary honours of the war belong easily to Mr. G. W. Stevens, of the London *Daily Mail*, who within the past year has won the reputation of being the best special correspondent to be found in England. His fortunate ignorance of tactics and strategy kept him from spoiling the easy, pointed vivacity of his personal impressions by any display of amateur technique. Only one man could have excelled him, but though Mr. Rudyard Kipling announced his readiness to serve, no paper was able to make any definite arrangements with him."

THE letter summing up his impressions of the war which Mr. G. W. Stevens contributed to the *Daily Mail* of June 10 is one of the best of a remarkable series. In this article Mr. Stevens reproduces the effect of war upon the civilian accustomed to the machinery of quiet life. Here is a passage:

"Saddest of all were the foals. The new-dropped foals, whose mothers had been taken straight away to carry cartridges, went trotting up and down the line of march calling for them. You know the slightly querulous, expectant expression of a foal's hairy little face. The baby was getting very hungry and tired. He was quite confident of finding his mother—she was there only an hour ago; but where could she have got to meanwhile, and why didn't she come to comfort him when he cried? They all starved. And I saw one poor little bit of a chestnut filly foal trying to struggle up a slope of the Furka Pass with a fore-foot lopped off at the pastern. Some devil must have done it to prevent her from following her dam. She tumbled over and whinnied, jumped up, hobbled a foot or two, and tumbled over again and moaned. Yet the soldier was only a devil in that he should have shot her through the heart instead of cutting off her foot. For the chestnut filly had to die anyhow. She was part of the inevitable wastage of war."

A RECENT OCCURRENCE at Filey, in Yorkshire, has turned attention to the clockmaker mentioned by Byron in *Don Juan*—

"Even his minutest motions went as well
As those of the best timepiece made by
Harrison"

—who has been identified as John Harrison, of Hull, who in 1767 received a reward of £20,000 from the Board of Longitude for a valuable discovery. In cleaning the clock of Filey Church the other day, an inscription was found, stating that £10 and a silver medal had been awarded to John Harrison by the Society for the Promotion of Arts. Filey is not a little proud of possessing this record of Byron's Harrison.

MR. CHARLES MORLEY is revising for the press his series of articles, "Archib; or the Confessions of an Old Burglar." The stories are from life, and are founded on actual facts, though the treatment is imaginative. The hero of the sketches, "Dad," spent forty years in Her Majesty's convict prisons, was flogged eight times, fifty lashes each time; he suffered in all 400 lashes with the cat. The volume will be published from the offices of the *Westminster Gazette*.

ON the anniversary of the death of Charles Dickens this week, a number of persons visited his grave in Westminster Abbey; among them one who wrote on his visiting card the suggestion that the day should in future receive national attention. The idea is worth careful consideration. Dickens was English through and through; and it would be peculiarly appropriate to connect his name with a yearly festivity. But is it not rather too soon?

BUT the following announcement from America makes, we think, for error: "The Story of Oliver Twist," condensed for

home and school reading by Miss Ella Boyce Kirk, with an introduction by Dr. W. T. Harris, is published by Messrs. D. Appleton & Co."

MESSRS. MACMILLAN & Co. will publish within the next few weeks an account of the recent war, by Mr. Clive Bigham, to be entitled *The Campaign in Thessaly*. Mr. Bigham, who has served in the Grenadier Guards and in the British Embassy at St. Petersburg, was present during the entire campaign as Special Correspondent for the *Times* with the Ottoman Army.

THE sumptuous monograph on Queen Victoria which Mr. Holmes, the Royal librarian, has been writing to form the third volume in the series which contains Dr. Creighton's *Elizabeth* and "Shirley's" *Mary, Queen of Scots*, is now finished. Her Majesty herself is reading the proofs. Copies of the book are to be obtained at prices which can compare only with those asked from Americans for seats in St. Paul's Churchyard.

MR. JOHN BUCHAN, exhibitor of Brasenose College, Oxford, won the Stanhope Historical Prize this week. Mr. Buchan is a promising and ambitious writer, and, though he has published two books and edited two others, he is only in his twenty-second year. He was born in Perthshire in 1875: was educated in Glasgow University, where he obtained a scholarship in philosophy, and at Brasenose. He intends to devote himself to the legal profession.

FOUR years ago Mr. Buchan edited a small volume of Bacon's essays, which Mr. Walter Scott published. He appeared next in 1893 as a story-teller with *Sir Quixote of the Moors*, which bore Mr. Unwin's imprint. He subsequently found his way to the "Bodley Head," which issued his *Scholar Gipsies* (1896), and his angling anthology, *Musa Piscatrix*. Mr. Buchan's later literary labours for the most part have not yet met the public eye. They include an ambitious historical romance, a collection of moorland stories, and a Jacobite novel.

MR. ANDREW LANG has made for the *New York World* a very charming translation, in the eighteenth century manner, of the Pope's new poem. His Holiness's theme is the praise of frugality, and he has written, in Latin, in the manner of the epistolary Horace, addressing his homily to Fabricius Rufus. We quote the first half of the poem, which has reference to the diet of the wise:

"What diet lends the strength to Life, and frees
The flower of health from each malign disease,
The good Ofellus, pupil from of old
And follower of Hippocrates, has told.
Rating base gluttony with anxious air,
He thus laid down the laws of Frugal Fare:
Neatness comes first! Be thy spare table
bright
With shining dishes and with napkins white,
Be thy Chianti unadulterate,
To cheer the heart, and raise the spirit's
weight,
Yet trust not much the rosy god—in fine,
Be sure that you put water to your wine.

Picked be thy grain, and pure thy home-made
bread,
Thy meats be delicate and dairy-fed;
Tender, nor highly spiced thy food; nor tease
Thy taste with sauces from Ægean seas.
Fresh be thine eggs, hard-boiled, or nearly
raw,
Or deftly poached, or simply served *au plat*,
'There's wit in poaching eggs,' the proverb
says,
And you may do them in a hundred ways.
Nor shun the bowl of foaming milk that feeds
The infant, and may serve the senior's needs;
Next on the board to Heaven's gift, honey,
placed,
And, sparing, of Hyblaean nectar taste:
Pulses and salads on thy guests bestow—
Even in suburban gardens salads grow—
Add chosen fruits, what'er the times afford,
Let rose-red apples crown the rustic board.
Last comes the beverage of the Orient shore,
Mocca, far off, the fragrant berries bore,
Taste the dark fluid with a dainty lip,
Digestion waits on pleasure as you sip.
Such are my precepts for a diet sage,
That leads thee safely to a green old age."

In the second half of the poem a wanton feast is described and the moral pointed.

AN examination of recent book-titles in the possessive case brings to light a curious change in the nomenclature of novels. An American librarian has compared 101 titles in this case taken from a catalogue dated 1889 with 101 titles in the same case taken from a catalogue covering the years between 1895 and 1897, and the result is the discovery that the use of the direct possessive is passing away in favour of the objective with "of." Out of the 101 novels of 1889, 71 used the direct possessive and 30 the objective with "of." But of the 101 of the last two years only 41 use the direct possessive. Half of the 60 that remain, says the librarian, would be distinctly improved by the change to the direct possessive, among them being: *The Island of Dr. Moreau*, *The Damnation of Theron Ware*, *The Courtship of Morris Buckler*, *The Death of the Lion*, *The Soul of Pierre*; which the critic would like to see altered to *Dr. Moreau's Island*, *Theron Ware's Damnation*, *Morris Buckler's Courtship*, *The Lion's Death* and *Pierre's Soul*.

THE contention that in ten years from now we may hear about "the breaking of the arm of John Smith" and "the hat of Tom" is not sound. As the editor of the *Book-Buyer* points out, the objective case with "of" is chosen for its greater power to arrest the attention, which is needed in a title.

THE director of the New York Library has discovered a disinfectant for books, which he claims to be perfect. He places the volume in an air-tight box, with a sauce of solution of formalin, and in an hour's time the vapour has saturated every leaf and has destroyed every germ. Trials of this system have been wholly successful.

IN the preface to the new, the sixth, edition of *Mrs. Keith's Crime* Mrs. Clifford lets the reader into the secret of the origin of the story and the manner of its growth;

and it will be seen that she answers those critics who complained of its being written in the present tense:

"The first half of the book was written in Italy, in the spring of 1884. To me it was never a story that I had imagined, but a real one that circumstances in my own life made me seize upon and watch with breathless eagerness. Day by day, as if the unseen woman, or some strange mirage of her walked beside me, I saw and heard all that is written here: it seemed to be taking place. How, then, could it be told differently? If one looked on at a play, with a view to describing it to a companion who was blind, one's words would naturally take the present tense; and so did mine in telling this story . . . in fact, it was in the present tense that from beginning to end I saw Mrs. Keith. I wrote so swiftly that my hand often ached, but with a certainty of what must be told that made the concluding chapter an agony, and it took all the time that she suffered for my pen to set it on paper. It was done on my knees, or while I walked up and down, listening and seeing, and feeling as if unknown—always unknown to herself—she used my pen to tell the desperation and the anguish that drove her to that last act."

A feature of this edition of Mrs. Clifford's curious story is an "imaginary portrait" of the heroine by the Hon. John Collier.

IN amplification of Prof. Max Müller's remark, in his recently published reminiscences, that Emerson and Ruskin did not get on too well together, the following opinions expressed by the two illustrious men to friends after their meeting have been ranged side by side:

Ruskin wrote: "Emerson came to my rooms a day or two ago. I found his mind a total blank on matters of art, and had a fearful sense of the whole being of him as a gentle cloud—intangible."

Emerson said: "I had seen Ruskin at Oxford, and had been charmed by his manner in the lecture-room, but in talking with him at his room I found myself wholly out of sympathy with Ruskin's views of life and the world. I wonder such a genius can be possessed by so black a devil. I cannot but pardon him for a despondency so deep. It is detestable in a man of such powers, in a poet, a seer such as he has been. Children are right with their everlasting hope. Timon is always inevitably wrong."

AMONG the twenty-six books which will form Messrs. Henry's two-shilling Random Series will be three collections of Mr. Barry Pain's stories: *In a Canadian Canoe* (his first book), *The Kindness of the Celestial*, and *Stories and Interludes*. It was *In a Canadian Canoe* that brought Mr. Lang into conflict with what he called the New Humour. We shall be glad to see the book again, if only for the two delightful fancies: "The Celestial Grocery" and "The Camel who Never got Home." Mr. Barry Pain's merits as a deviser of humorous and whimsical tales have never, we think, received full justice.

MR. ELLIOT STOCK announces a treatise by a well-known prose writer, who has taken the pseudonym "Oxonienis," dealing with the question of religious belief in University circles of the present day. The title will be *The Test of Truth*.

JESTS AND JEST-BOOKS.

IT is notorious that no variety of book is quite so enervating as the jest-book. The good things which, when spoken, set the table in a roar are apt, when collected, to set the reader yawning more effectively even than a sermon. One reason probably is that the reader expects nothing much from a sermon, and a great deal (so persistent is hope in the human mind) from a jest-book. Another reason is the feebleness of the spoken witticism when printed. A literary joke, a joke prepared by the pen, is often good. But a joke begotten of the moment, dropped swiftly from the tongue in the midst of conversation, must lose its spirit when it is translated into type, and all the original conditions are wanting, especially the speaker's personality. Among the many reflections that jest-books give rise to, not the least prominent is wonder (and envy) at the splendid luck which attends upon the wit. Wherever he may go, there the way is made easy for a good thing. His jokes become almost automatic, so kindly is fate. Opportunities are thrust upon him. For example, a barrister having entered the Court with his wig awry, and having endured chaff from everyone that he met, at length turned to Curran, saying, "Do you see anything ridiculous in this wig?" What could Curran reply but, "Nothing but the head?" The joke was made for him. It is well known that the man who has prepared an impromptu never has long to wait before an opening occurs for it. The gods stand up for humorists. When Erskine was retained, says Mr. Jerrold, in defence of a man named Tickle, he began his case by saying, "Tickle, my client, the defendant, my lord—" At this moment the judge interrupted him. "Tickle him yourself," he (of course) said. An ordinary man would never have such chances as these; or, if he took them, the joke would go unrecorded. For the wit is fortunate, not only in opportunities, but in his friends. It is given to but few to have their good things reported; although to have them repeated is common enough. We meet but seldom the man who has the courage to disclaim the authorship of a witty remark which he has borrowed. Johnsons are rare, but Boswells are rarer.

And this leads to another reflection which always accompanies the perusal of a man's witty sayings, and that is that in many cases he must have put the remark on record himself. There is no reason why he should not. Lamb has shown us conclusively that a man may laugh at his own joke, and to report it is but a step farther. Yet one prefers that the chronicler should be someone else. The wit, however, who does not advertise has not a chance. A good example of a jest which only the maker could have spread abroad is the story of Saphir, the Austrian journalist and the man, an old enemy of his, whom he met in a narrow passage: "I'll not make room for a fool to pass," said the man, blocking up the way. "But I will," said Saphir, backing into a doorway. Only Saphir could have reported this. Thus we see that the complete wit must choose the right companions.

One other feeling that must often occur to the reader is doubt as to the genuineness of these stories. It is so easy to light upon a neat thing and give it an appropriate and credible setting, that we are convinced it must often be done. Mr. Barrie indeed once produced a number of *bon-mots* suitable for quotation as from Carlyle and other men. Here, for example, is a story which, on the face of it, is as worthy of belief as any of Mr. Jerrold's: Mr. Thornton, one of the dons, who was most zealous in denouncing Shelley's Queen Mab, had a reputation for amateur cookery. Being at a party, not long after Shelley's expulsion from Oxford, he was asked casually by his hostess if he had ever boiled a fish. "No, madam," he replied, "but I lately had much satisfaction in foiling a Bysshe." Why should not that conversation have taken place? Yet it did not, for we have just invented it.

The compiler of a jest-book cannot hope to please everybody. He is certain to come into conflict with every reader sooner or later, either because he has told a story wrongly, or has attributed it to the wrong man. We have all of us our favourite stories, and we cannot endure to have them mis-related. In the little books before us,* which are edited by Mr. Walter Jerrold, the bearer of a surname honoured among wits, our own quarrel is on account of the treatment of the beautiful story of Sydney Smith and the draught. Mr. Jerrold gives it to Paley. In our version Sydney Smith requested a waiter to shut the window behind him, and open another behind "one of the curates." Mr. Jerrold makes Paley say "behind some curate," which is not so funny. We also are disposed to be vexed with Mr. Jerrold for his italics. In *Punch* we respect italics—they make up a large part of its fun—but not in books. Mr. Jerrold should give his reader credit for more penetration.

We consider, also, that Mr. Jerrold has too high an admiration for puns. Puns rarely are *bon-mots*; but Mr. Jerrold seems to have been impressed by Erskine's foolish remark (which he quotes as a *bon-mot*) that a pun, because it is the lowest form of wit, is therefore the foundation of all wit. Hence we find such a *bon-mot* as the following: A certain author informed Foote that a passage which he found fault with might be justified as a metaphor. "Is it so?" said Foote, "then it is such a one as truly I never met before." We all can do this sort of thing, which is a result not of wit, but mechanism; yet heaven forbid that our efforts should reach the dignity of type! On the other hand, there is a form of pun, the pun that cuts both ways, which is a genuine product of wit. Curran's remark to a certain hanging judge, who asked if a piece of beef near Curran was hung beef, because, if it was, he meant to try it, is to the point. "I do not know," Curran said; "but if you do try it, my lord, it is sure to be." Again, take Fox's explanation of the passage in the Psalms: "He clothed himself with cursing like as with a garment."

* *Bon-Mots of the Eighteenth Century.* Edited by Walter Jerrold. (J. M. Dent & Co.)
Bon-Mots of the Nineteenth Century. Edited by Walter Jerrold. (J. M. Dent & Co.)

"The meaning," said he, "is clear enough: the man had a habit of swearing." Again, a member of the Foley family having hurried across to the Continent to avoid his creditors, "It is a pass over," said Selwyn, "that will not be much relished by the Jews." These are good; but the ordinary pun is no *bon-mot*, far from it. Nor is Hume's savage remark to a lady who asked him what answer she ought to make when her age was inquired, a *bon-mot*. "Madam," he said, "answer that you are not come to years of discretion." This is too savage. Dr. Johnson's curt dismissals or discouragements of his opponents are not *bon-mots*, although often witty. A true *bon-mot* is more happy, more urbane; it may be severe, but it must be just; the true *bon-mot* does not wantonly wound. A large number of the jokes in Mr. Jerrold's collections are too cruel to answer to his title at all. One quality which in great wits is so often wanting is fun. The presence of fun predicates a humane nature: wit is often merciless and unscrupulous. Lord Chesterfield was witty, but he had no fun. His wit was always at some one else's expense; his victims could never laugh too. Johnson had little fun. Jerrold had none. On the other hand, Sydney Smith was full of it, and so was Hood. Curran, Erskine, and Lord North all had fun.

The gems of Mr. Jerrold's collections are the witty remarks that proceed from a brain where fun is enthroned. Erskine's comment after a bad night at an inn, that if only the fleas had been unanimous they would have had him out of bed; Curran's answer during his last illness to his doctor, who remarked that he coughed with more difficulty: "That's rather surprising, doctor, as I've been practising all night"; Lord North's reply on being taxed by a speaker with being asleep during his speech—"I wish I was"; Curran's explanation of the reason of an Irishman's habit of lolling out his tongue as he walked—"I expect he's trying to catch the English accent"—these have fun at the back of them.

ACADEMY PORTRAITS.

XXXI.—WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

NOT the least interesting period of Thackeray's career was his association with the *Cornhill Magazine* in the capacity of editor—a post which, as events showed, he ought probably never to have accepted. Illustrious though his term of office undoubtedly was, there is no question but that the duties brought injury upon his nervous system, embittered his nature, and had a harmful effect upon his work.

The letter from the editor to a friend and contributor which prefaced the first number was dated November 1, 1859, when Thackeray was forty-eight. *Cornhill* began with the year 1860. In this letter Thackeray explained the character of the magazine, as concisely as was possible to a man so in love with digression and playful asides. In the first of the "Roundabout Papers," which formed the concluding paper of No. 1 of *Cornhill*, he settled more congenially to

the task of introducing the new venture. In this charming essay, "On a Lazy Little Boy," the kindly, humorous giant was at his best. The lazy little boy, observed reading a book at the side of the river that runs through the town of Chur, in the Grisons, was most skilfully used. He stands between Thackeray and the reader. "What was the book?" asks the great, beaming editor.

"Do you suppose it was *Livy*, or the Greek grammar? No; it was a *NOVEL* that you were reading, you lazy, not very clean, good-for-nothing, sensible boy! It was *D'Artagnan* locking up General Monk in a box, or almost succeeding in keeping Charles the First's head on. It was the prisoner of the Chateau d'If cutting himself out of the sack fifty feet under water (I mention the novels I like best myself—novels without love or talking, or any of that sort of nonsense, but containing plenty of fighting, escaping, robbery and rescuing)—cutting himself out of the sack, and swimming to the island of Monte Cristo. O Dumas! O thou brave, kind, gallant old Alexandre! I hereby offer thee homage, and give thee thanks for many pleasant hours."

And so on. Thus was the subject of fiction introduced. Then came a little apologue, and then this statement:

"Novels are sweets. All people with healthy literary appetites love them—almost all women; a vast number of clever, hard-headed men. . . . Judges, bishops, chancellors, mathematicians, are notorious novel readers; as well as young boys and sweet girls, and their kind, tender mothers."

And hence there will be novels in *Cornhill*! Could anything be more delightfully, gracefully done? And so the *Cornhill* ship was gaily launched.

At the end of the first six months, in the fourth "Roundabout Paper," Thackeray passed from the humorous consideration of the Sayers and Heenan prize-fight to the magazine again:

"The victories which I wish especially to commemorate in this the last article of our first volume are the six great, complete, prodigious and undeniable victories achieved by the corps which the editor of the *Cornhill Magazine* has the honour to command."

It had been, indeed, a shining success, and MSS. were coming in at the rate of a hundred a week!

But the fifth "Roundabout Paper" was the famous "Thorns in the Cushion." Thackeray had begun to find editing a little irksome. He was never over fond of method, and also it seemed hard, when his fame was at its ripe, that he should be subjected to the annoyances which no editor is without. "Before I was an editor," he wrote, "I did not like the postman much—but now!" Some of the "thorns" were letters—begging-letters, fault-finding letters, unjust, hasty, foolish letters, which Thackeray might easily have avoided by the simple device of handing them to a discreet person to open and suppress. But he read them himself and permitted them to distress him.

"Ah me! we wound where we never intended to strike; we create anger where we never meant harm; and these thoughts are the thorns in our cushion. Out of mere malignity, I suppose, there is no man who would like to make enemies. But here, in this editorial business, you can't do otherwise; and a queer, sad, strange, bitter thought it is, that must cross

the mind of many a public man. 'Do what I will, be innocent or spiteful, be generous or cruel, there are A and B, and C and D, who will hate me to the end of the chapter—to the chapter's end, to the *Finis* of the page—when hate, and envy, and fortune, and disappointment shall be over.'"

At the end of the second six months Thackeray again wrote a few words of satisfaction; but his tone was less jubilant, and he had drawn for the initial letter of the article, which is about Thomas Hood, a picture of a galley slave! And then, on March 18, 1862, Thackeray wrote the letter to contributors and correspondents, which appeared in the April number:

"Ladies and Gentlemen (who will continue, in spite of the standing notice below, to send papers to the editor's private residence), perhaps you will direct the postman to some other house, when you learn that the editor of the *Cornhill Magazine* no longer lives in mine. My esteemed successor lives at Number . . . ; but I will not intrude upon the poor man's brief interval of quiet. He will have troubles enough in that thorn-cushioned editorial chair, which is forwarded to him by the Parcels (Happy) Delivery Company. . . . I believe my own special readers will agree that my books will not suffer when their author is released from the daily task of reading, accepting, refusing, losing and finding the works of other people. To say No has often cost me a morning's peace and a day's work. I tremble *recenti metu*. Oh, those hours of madness spent in searching for Louisa's lost lines to the dead Piping Bullfinch, or Nhoj Senoj's mislaid essay! I tell them for the last time that the (late) editor will not be responsible for rejected contributions, and herewith send off the Chair, and the great *Cornhill Magazine* Tin box, with its load of care."

So, with a little too much grizzling in public, ended Thackeray's twenty-eight months' editorship of *Cornhill*, and in less than two years after his resignation his early death occurred: an unmistakable case of cause and effect. During his *régime* he put into the magazine some admirable work, although it cannot be said that he proved himself an editor of genius. His own writings were "Lovel the Widower," "The Four Georges," "The Adventures of Philip" (with Fred Walker's drawings), and the "Roundabout Papers"; among other contributions were Tennyson's "Tithonus," Anthony Trollope's "Framley Parsonage," Mrs. Stowe's "Agnes of Sorrento," and Sala's papers on Hogarth. The miscellaneous articles were not of the highest merit, but they supplied ballast. Thackeray was succeeded by Mr. Leslie Stephen, and "Philip," when it came to an end, was followed by "Romola."

DRAMA.

IT is curious to note how completely the resources of the stage fail to render the illusion of a horserace. The trick has often been attempted, but it is no more successful this week on the expansive boards of the Princess's Theatre (where a racing drama of American origin, called the "County Fair," is being played) than it was twenty years ago in "The Flying Scud" of Dion Boucicault. In "The Flying Scud" they

had puppet horses running jerkily upon wires and doing violence to the perspective of a painted racecourse. Pretty much the same mechanism is still employed, with the exception that the *ficelle*, as the French say, is less apparent. The illusion is no better, and apparently it never will be. With the fatuity of the modern theatrical realist, who holds that an object or a human being is the same on and off the stage, and that there is no world of illusion behind the curtain at all, the late Augustus Harris tried more than once the running of live horses at Drury-lane. He could only show the tips of the animals' ears and the head and shoulders of their jockeys over the enclosure of the ring as they were supposed to be passing the post, the race having to be taken for granted. Perhaps no closer approximation to reality can ever be obtained under the circumstances, and there may be two opinions as to whether the puppets or the live horses convey the most graphic idea of the well-known scene at Epsom. I am inclined myself to award the palm to the puppets. There is very little illusion conveyed by a live horse on the stagè. He is simply an actor who does not know his part and who is unable to accommodate himself to the *optique* of the scene. Mechanical speed, such as that of a running horse, it seems to be beyond the capacity of the stage manager to represent; and another nut too hard for him to crack is mechanical weight. If there is anything more ludicrously ineffective than a stage horserace it is a stage railway train. The spectators' sense of weight and force is not in the slightest degree appealed to. Nor is it easy to suggest how it can be, except by the old device of leaving something to the imagination—that is, by placing the train in the wings, where, like Wordsworth's cuckoo, it may be heard rather than seen.

Occasionally it would be well if this method of dealing with moral forces were also resorted to. Great men like Cromwell and Napoleon, or, may one add, Joan of Arc (on the principle of the Act of Parliament that man implies woman) are nearly always belittled when brought upon the boards. The scene, the details of the story, and, above all, the sentiments they speak dwarf them morally—a remark, by the way, which has no reference to the Lyceum version of "Madame Sans-Gêne," where avowedly only the trivial, or domestic side of Napoleon's character is exhibited. One of the most effective stage exhibitions of Napoleon that I recall was his appearance in a pageant as a purely lay figure on horseback, with nothing to say and nothing to do, except bow his thanks to an applauding public. There the imagination of the spectator had scope.

As puppets of the modern stage-manager the racehorse and the railway engine are probably incapable of improvement, but with regard to the personality of great men much, of course, depends upon author and actor. While one ineffective piece may appear to bring the whole theory of stage effect into contempt, the born dramatist plays upon the emotion of his audience as easily as he might upon a pipe. Of this elementary fact one is reminded by "Un Mariage sous Louis XV.," which has been

awkwardly rendered at the Haymarket into "A Marriage of Convenience"—the school-boy translation of a *mariage de convenance*. What life, what vigour, breathes through this old work, which, taken down from its upper shelf and dusted, proves to be as fresh as any production of the day! The hand of the master is felt here. There is nothing exceptional in the story, which tells how two young people, drawn into a loveless marriage, learn to love each other and to hug their chains. The spell is woven in the dialogue. Human nature in its weakness and its strength, worldly wisdom, wit, and a score of good qualities peep out at every turn to refresh and invigorate the jaded soul of the playgoer, surfeited with the inanities of musical comedy. The great dramatist reminds one of a skilful whip; he can do what he likes with his team, driving safely over treacherous ground and past risky corners where the ordinary equipage would come to grief. In "A Marriage of Convenience" (hateful phrase!) there are one or two such places, notably where husband and wife go off to a masked ball—the one with a mistress on his arm, the other on the arm of a *soupirant*. But tact and style bring the author safely through. After having had so much of the drama of incident, it is delightful to come across a play of pure sentiment like this; it is here, indeed—in the domain of sentiment—that the true springs of human nature are to be found. For to speak of the drama of powder and patches as necessarily artificial is to confound the husk with the kernel. If the hearts of real men and women do not beat underneath those externals, then the dramatist has failed in his task.

It is said that the tradition of the grand manner of Old Comedy is preserved only at the Comédie Française, and that even there it is failing, the actors of the younger school being infected with the conversational style of the modern drawing-room. I am afraid that, like other good things, the grand manner was occasionally over-done. It became an end instead of a means. Except for a little awkwardness in the manipulation of their swords, the Haymarket Company make as brave a show of the Louis Quinze theory and practice of life as need be. Mr. William Terriss has learnt his art in all schools, including the Lyceum, and knows that, though its expression changes, its principles remain ever the same. So sound and well-graced an actor as he is equal to all emergencies. Mr. Cyril Maude, the would-be lover of the story, has brought into this part something of the clownishness which he was called upon to exhibit in "Under the Red Robe." This is a pity. One may be foolish without being boorish, and foolishness is the note of the swaggering chevalier. As for Miss Winifred Emery's girl-wife, it is true that she shows little of the *grande dame* of tradition; but why should she? She has just emerged from the convent to be married, and, at school, girls must have been girls, even in the profligate, degenerate, heartless Louise Quinze period. Miss Emery's heroine is youthful, naïve, full of curiosity with regard to the ways of the wicked world and apt at learning them, but transparently honest and good-hearted

too, and that is better than being the *grande dame* of convention. It is strange that so witty and interesting a play as "Un Mariage sous Louis XV." should have found its way to the top shelf. Now that Mr. Grundy has rescued it from that dusty limbo, it ought to find a more or less permanent place in the working repertory of the stage independently of the general fluctuations of taste. It is a costume play. True, but it is not to be classed with the picture-drama exclusively. It contains some of the permanent elements of drama animated by the *souffle* of genius.

J. F. N.

ART.

MR. MORTIMER MENPES repeats, with interesting variations, the very valuable and artistic work he did in Japan some years ago. The paintings and drawings now on view at the Messrs. Dowdswell's Galleries, Bond-street, are small and spacious, brilliant with both colour and light, and proving the rare and sensitive feeling for place in composition. In general terms, the feeling for place is claimed by every designer, but the Japanese has touch of the relations between size and distance, and of the delicate increase of weight that comes with the remoter position, as when you move a single weight further upon a rod and so give it equivalence to a greater mass. It is a kind of buoyant measurement, and the swing of a composition is as tender and light as might be the equipoise of slender lanterns upon a bending staff. Whether Mr. Menpes sought Japan with its simplicity and its space because of his sense of the significance of position, or whether he improved that sense by the example of the art and the landscape there, with their few things justly appraised, it is certain that he has this special Japanese faculty, and with it an eye for colour of unusual vivacity, and a perception of the human but alien character of that trivial people. It is hard to believe that any man used to the liberal arts of European antiquity and to the passionate arts of the European Middle Ages should hold the Japanese as anything but a trivial race. He can hardly, for instance, readjust his idea of the human figure so as to find beauty in the Japanese proportions; and the nude and the spiritual, it seems, are to be foregone in Japan. There is inevitably a kind of indulgence in the Western treatment of Japanese character, a confession of the grotesque, mingled with the respect due to Japanese delicacy and fastidiousness. An Englishman in Japan must have an uneasy consciousness of the decorations he has left behind him—of the vulgarisms of the European world, of its wholesale trimmings, and its shouldering manners; and yet he must needs feel that Greece and Rome are in the ancestry of this dull and rough world, and are absent from the ancestry of that gentle and exquisite world of the extreme East, and that Japanese gentleness, nimbleness, instinct, and art are to us, as we have said, alien from the beginning.

Mr. Menpes has painted the Japanese in the daily chances of colours and lights.

Many of his pictures are studies of vivid firelight on the figures and faces of the little people circling round some roadside flame. The soft, tender light of the coloured lanterns, when the evening is full of blue air, and blue and purple flowers hang darkening in the dusk, is another illumination treated with fine skill; there is, in particular, a field under the early moon, which a girl crosses, carrying a lantern on a delicate rod. In the later night scenes the lanterns burn with a more fully coloured light. But king of all these lights is the Japanese sunshine, and Mr. Menpes has painted this, in clear noon, and with the sparkle of morning. Children are his favourite subjects, and he does not tire of the sleeping baby tied up to its squat little mother's back. He draws it with the sure hand that gives the weight and solidity of the sleeping head, as the large round cheeks are bent over upon the little woman's shoulder. There are studies of actors upon the Japanese stage. From these and from other inscrutable faces it would seem that the absence of expression—or perhaps the difference of expression—is the most persistent sign of a people of strangers. Ignorance of the language can be but little in comparison with ignorance of the eyes, and the eyes of the Japanese keep secret even the suggestion that there is anything to hide. They make denials of all mystery. The whole broad face utters a foreign language, but so habitually do we look for communication from the eyes that Japanese eyes seem to us to refuse all utterance whatever. Mr. Menpes has, nevertheless, given a far better idea of Japanese dignities than we have ever before seen presented, in his several pictures of processions. These are very curious, and the groups have a gravity that is all their own, and is not made grotesque even to the haughty judgment of the West. But, after all, it must be the works of Japanese man—his art, his illumination, his garden, his selection, the fewness and the charm of his adornments of labour and life, his delicate buildings, his planted flowers, that make the beauty of the country—these, and not his own monotonous little form and his unclassic presence. A gentle rosy lantern, a luminous white iris and a purple, a twilight moon—such things make the touching beauty of this ultimate East, where the temperate climate is unsmirched, the earth sweetly cultivated, the mountain forms strange, and the sky that of the ocean side of the globe. No one has done so much as Mr. Menpes to give us the pictorial vision of a country where—to the stranger at least—vision is everything.

As one of a series of permanent records of the Swiss National Exhibition of 1896, M. Camille Favre has issued a magnificent catalogue - album, illustrating by photographs and colours the complete history of the arts in Switzerland from the Roman period onwards. It is, perhaps, only in Switzerland itself that all the originality and distinctness of art and handicraft is thoroughly recognised in the national work; one reason for general ignorance being the frequent mis-naming of Swiss specimens as German, even in some of the national

museums. Swiss work, however, is by no means unrecognised in this country, and South Kensington possesses a certain number of examples of Swiss windows—one, especially fine, from the Valais. The Swiss artist, through several centuries, keeps his own character, even while confessing the influences of Germany, Burgundy, France and Italy, active and various neighbours. The Roman period yields chiefly bronzes and ivories, in some of which the Teutonic grotesque spirit is already most curiously perceptible. The paintings and designs date generally no earlier than the latter part of the fifteenth century, and comprise the vivacious pastels of the eighteenth. But the collection of MSS. and illuminations begin at the ninth century, and are of the first importance. The ceramic specimens are generally fine, but Swiss art seems to be most full of life and enterprise in the paintings on glass. Of these, obviously, coloured reproductions give the least satisfactory representation; but what a reproduction can do has been well done, and the designs are so interesting, apart from the colour, that these plates have every possible value. The metal work is full of Germany, with a local difference, and among the textile fabrics are fine examples from ecclesiastical needlework from fourteenth century convents. The album has a European importance, for Switzerland illustrates the general history of the arts of a score of schools and the even more significant history of races.

MR. RALPH RICHARDSON has made a catalogue (Elliot Stock) of George Morland's pictures, with a history of each and a reference to the present possessor or the museum into which it has been gathered. It is the first effort to catalogue this painter's works, and Mr. Richardson has fulfilled the task with so much care and research as to give his book authority. It will be a valuable reference for students of Morland's rich rusticities, and a good guide for collectors on the track.

MORE or less to the class of art-books belongs *Echoes*, by Josephine Curtis Woodbury, decorated by Eric Pape (G. P. Putnam's Sons). It is certain that Mr. Pape's drawings are not decorated by Miss Woodbury's verses, and of these we need say no more than that the writer might do well to learn the rules of rhyme, and yet this for reading poetry rather than for writing it. Mr. Pape's work is at its best in the outlining of leaves and berries—there are some charming branches from nature to accompany the lines called "The Innocents." A drawing of "Mid-Ocean" gives to the waves the Japanese curl—hardly to be imitated, surely, by a hand of another race. It cannot be interesting to see the Japanese convention assumed, ready-made, by one who must himself have some difficulty in reading it. There are many things to be profitably learnt from the Japanese before seizing upon their most arbitrary signs—finely formed writings rather than drawings—of natural fact. It is, moreover, in natural fact that Mr. Pape has his best chance. He would do well (the advice

if not necessarily for others) in using it very simply; in giving his sense of decoration chiefly by placing and arrangement, and his love of choice by a more and more fastidious simplicity. This process will probably give him what play for art he needs, without laying hands upon the Japanese for waves.

A. M.

MUSIC.

DR. PARRY conducted a new work of his at the fifth Philharmonic concert on Thursday, June 3. In the article "Variations," which the composer wrote for Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians, he expressed the opinion that "the Variation still affords one of the most favourable opportunities for the exercise of their genius by composers of the future." It is not surprising, therefore, that the new work should be cast in Variation form. It consists, in fact, of a dignified theme, followed by variations, only the latter are grouped so as to represent, or correspond to, the movements of a sonata. Monotony of tonality is a weak point in the variations of the old classical masters; and to our ears accustomed to bolder chord progressions, to more sudden and frequent modulations, that monotony, even in the most skilful works, always proves a stumbling-block. Beethoven already felt the necessity of some change, and in his Variations in F (Op. 35) presented a scheme of modulation both original and effective. And in other sets he sought to develop his thematic material so that the old might appear actually new; in the variations of his predecessors one knew more or less in outline the character of each one from the opening bars. Dr. Parry has sought relief from key monotony by writing each of his groups in keys which would be suitable to the movements of a sonata. It will be readily understood that it is the *tempo* and not the form which suggests those various movements. The composer is skilled in his art, and the variations are in his best style. Yet I am disposed to think that the experiment rests on fancy rather than fact. This new sonata in variation form seems no real living organism. Why Beethoven seemed to regard even the sonata itself, especially one in four movements, as a thing scarcely worth preserving! Dr. Parry's venture if not satisfactory, is certainly interesting. At this concert Senor Sarasate played the Mendelssohn Concerto, but with more refinement than power. And the speed at which he takes the Finale gives no time for clear proper phrasing.

DURING the past week I have heard two pianoforte recitals. The first given by Mlle. Ella Pancera last Thursday week was actually her second. She played Schumann's Fantasia in C (Op. 17), and certainly displayed considerable intelligence, taste, and skill. And yet there was a want of poetry, and of true passion. It was the reading of an attentive, earnest pupil, rather than that of an independent thinker; it was satisfactory as far as it went, though not convincing. The dexterity with which

the difficult second movement was given deserves note. Then Mlle. Pancera played the "Paganini" Variations of Brahms with commendable skill and clearness. Such a work, however, demands for its proper effect the exceptional technique, the superb ease of a Rosenthal. Is it right, it may be asked, to compare a young pianist at the outset of her career with a player endowed with special gifts, matured by time and experience? My answer shall be likewise in question form. Is it right for young artists thus to expose themselves to direct comparison? These remarks are of general application; the programmes of most pianoforte recitals run in a certain groove; the special capabilities and characteristics of the player are seldom taken into consideration. Mlle. Pancera interpreted various short solos with taste and delicacy.

On Tuesday afternoon M. Gabrilowitsch, who in Tchaikowsky's Concerto achieved such signal success at a recent Richter Concert, gave the first of two recitals at St. James's Hall on Tuesday afternoon. His reading of Beethoven's "Adieux" Sonata (Op. 81a) was marked by intelligence and feeling. At times, however, the sentiment was certainly exaggerated. In this work one may forgive here and there a momentary excursion over the border line which separates sentiment from sentimentality; there are, however, sonatas of Beethoven in which no such liberty can be taken without detriment to the music. The pianist also played Schumann's "Faschingsschwank" (Op. 26); but, after the remarkable precision and crispness of his playing in the Concerto, the performance was a disappointment. The programme opened and closed with a Liszt transcription: the first, Bach's Prelude and Fugue in A minor for organ, one of his cleverest; the second, a transcription of Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" and Fairy music, one of his worst. In both M. Gabrilowitsch exhibited the excellence of his technique; but in the latter piece the good playing only intensified the vulgarity of the transcription.

MISS ADELA VERNE gave an orchestral concert at the Queen's Hall last Friday week at which she performed Chopin's Concerto in E minor and Saint Saëns in G minor. Her rendering of both works was in many ways praiseworthy. She has a good touch, clear technique, and understands what she interprets. A little more charm in the beautiful slow music of the Chopin, and a little more dash in the second work would have proved acceptable. The most interesting item of the programme was a Concerto in E flat for two pianofortes, with orchestral accompaniment by Mozart. The work is practically unknown to the present generation of concert goers, and it well deserved revival. It appears not to have been given in London since 1863. The Finale may not be very strong, but the opening and slow movements represent Mozart at his best. The orchestra was under the careful direction of Mr. Henschel, whose clever interesting Prelude to *One Way of Love*, a one-act piece by Miss L. Alma Tadema, was well performed.

On Monday afternoon I went to hear "En Bonne Fortune," a play without words, by Th. Massiac, with music by Grillet. The little piece was well given by Mlle. Jane May and her excellent company. Pieces of this kind are of special interest to musicians in that they show how large a part gesture plays—or rather should play—in musical drama. The music of M. Grillet, if not strong, is fairly appropriate to the action. How well the system of representative themes would be to pieces of this kind, though, of course, only in moderate and fairly simple measure.

J. S. S.

SCIENCE.

I HAVE a vivid recollection of once undertaking an inquiry in Edinburgh, on behalf of the S. P. R., into certain alleged psychical phenomena. Nothing came of it beyond a loss of time and temper, and a cursory acquaintance with some dazzlingly stupid people. This, I am afraid, is generally the way with such inquiries. The circumstance is recalled to my mind by a long letter in the *Times* describing the writer's impressions of a "haunted" house which has been hired by Lord Bute for the purpose of investigation, and incidentally of the method in which such an investigation is conducted by the rank and file of the Psychical Society. To put the matter briefly, it implies that Lord Bute has been grossly imposed upon, that the noises, &c., are due to the house being constructed like a sounding-board, and that the major part of the stories going about are pure fabrication.

ALL the same, it requires a strong nerve to face ghostly associations at night. If ghosts be a purely subjective illusion, the nocturnal terror of them, which is inborn in the human race, is sufficient excuse for their creation. The writer referred to above admits no such terrors. Making all allowance for a clear conscience, and digestive powers well under control, his callousness is brutal. He hears loud and sudden noises which he contemptuously says would have frightened most people. His active mind attributes them at once to the fireplace or the waterpipes.

"Presently, he says, a deep buzzing sound indicated that a servant was drawing some water, probably in the distant wing, and was duly followed by a resonant bang, showing that the Thomson patent tap had not been fitted to the pipes in the house. These were all the noises I heard in the most haunted room of 'the most haunted house in Scotland.'"

It is certainly rather a come-down when ghostly manifestations can be explained by the absence of a patent tap. Yet many such have proved to be due to causes of no greater complexity. The writer, however, does more than suggest possibilities; he accuses the investigators of bolstering up their suspicions with unfounded gossip, and of displaying simply childish credulity. "I was told," he says, "an impressive story which illustrates the way of working up a noise into a manifestation":

"On a day when the late proprietor was to leave home for London, he was talking to his

factor in the library, when a tremendous crash was heard on the table between them. 'For God's sake,' cried the husband, 'don't mention this to my wife.' He went to London, and next day was killed by a cab accident. Before the news reached his family an appalling noise was heard in the room he usually occupied, but, as the reader will expect to hear, everything was found undisturbed. This circumstantial story is false in every detail. There was no table, there was a bureau; there was no crash, but the lid of the bureau having been imperfectly closed slipped into its place; the husband did not mention either his Maker or his wife or the trivial noise; he was not killed till three weeks afterwards, and no mysterious sound in his room heralded the news."

If this is the kind of stuff out of which the S. P. R. reports are concocted by sympathetic believers, then the S. P. R. itself would seem to be in need of some such investigation as was applied to the notorious Eusapia Palladino. I have reason to know that the heads of the society pursue very different and more discriminating methods; but these things are carried out by the bulk of the members, and they make one shudder to think how much nonsense may be incorporated in the volumes of the *Proceedings*.

THE Royal Archaeological Institute in Hanover-square has recently held an exhibition of ancient flint implements discovered by Mr. Seton-Karr in the Eastern desert of Egypt, mostly at a distance of about thirty miles from the Nile. These implements were found in workings along the face of the cliff, in a position which made it probable that they were the original and long-lost flint mines of Egypt. Some of the finds were palæoliths of immense antiquity, but the majority belonged to a slightly later date, and included forms which are new to science. Signs of prehistoric life or of hasty departure were to be seen on the spot in the form of clubs and bludgeons distributed near certain central spaces which had served as workshops. Mr. Seton Karr has also made extensive discoveries of flint and quartzite implements in Somaliland—a fact which, according to Sir John Evans, may turn out to have an important bearing on the home of the human race. Man must have started life in a part of the world where the climate was mild and means of subsistence plentiful. Many ages were required before he could have been fit to cope with the rigours of the glacial period in Europe. The Somaliland flint-shops may not impossibly turn out to be the earliest source of supply for the whole world. Such a common source would well account for the uniformity of shape and manufacture which prevailed everywhere.

H. C. M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

WHY THE NIGHTINGALE SINGS AT NIGHT.

Siena: June 2.

I owe you an apology for a *svista* in my letter of May 10. The verse about the nightingale should run:

"Se la vite non mi legasse;
Se la serpa non mi mangiasse,
Dormirei fino al giorno chiaro-chiaro-chiaro-
chiaro-chiaro."

DOROTHY H. CORNISH.

DARKING—AN OLD YORKSHIRE WORD.

Glasgow: June 1.

"When I come on a new word," said the late Prof. Blackie, "I lift it up before me and say: 'Who, to the devil, are you?'"

Repeatedly have I found myself saying to the old Yorkshire word "darking," "Who are you?" till one day I overheard a mother say of her infant, as it was peering with wide-open eyes: "Look at her darking!" Now, I have it, thought I; "darking" is the Homeric Greek *δερκομαι*, with its derivatives *δερκος*, a gazelle—i.e., the animal with bright, open eye—and *δρακων*, the creature with fiery look. It is akin to the Sanskrit "darc"—to see; and on the slopes of the Himalayas our Aryan cousins say: "Decko" ("Look here!").

Full of my discovery, I submitted my philological gem to the inspection of Prof. Max Müller, who, alas! returned it to me as counterfeit. "Dear sir," he wrote, "darking=*δερκομαι* is impossible, because any Greek *δ* must, in Anglo-Saxon, be *t*—e.g., *two*=two, &c."

Though disheartened that so high an authority should, by the test of Grimm's law, stamp my philological gem as spurious, I still cherished the thought that I was right, and that "darking" belonged to a field unknown to Grimm, and hence beyond the scope of his law.

On a railway journey to the Highlands, my companions were enthusiastic botanists from Glasgow, intent on seeing the Alpine flora on the summit of Ben Lawers—the survival, they said, of a primeval table-land, that stretched from Ben Lawers to the Matterhorn. Might "darking" not likewise be a survival of that Celtic, or Gaelic, speech once spoken universally from the Pyrenees to the Pentland Firth? The *two* of Greek is=*two* of Anglo-Saxon. Yes; but it is *dha* in Gaelic; and if "darking" was a Gaelic survival, it could hold *δερκομαι* by the hand, in spite of Grimm's law.

A Highland girl on the shores of Loch Etwe said she thought there was some such word in her native language, though not in ordinary use; while a Glasgow policeman—regarded among his Celtic brethren as an authority—unable to recognise the word from my pronunciation, directed me to McAlpine's dictionary. There, among a posy of the same family, and trying to look Highland, was my Yorkshire acquaintance—"Dearnaich, scrutinise keenly, criticise"; "Dearc, look steadfastly, piercingly, fix the mind intensely"; "Dreagh, hue, complexion"; "Dreagh, a meteor"—i.e., a bright object. Also, we have two Bens Deargh—the red mountain—one in Ross-shire, the other further to the south. In spite of Grimm's law, then, "darking" can keep its place, and need not be ashamed of its Gaelic ancestry among the Angles and Danes of Yorkshire.

JAS. WALLACE.

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